

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## THE LIGHT FROM AN ABBEY WINDOW

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Two

### OLD JOHN AND HIS FIDDLES

99 AND STILL MAKING THEM

The Story of a Pensioner and a Great Idea

#### THE MUSIC THAT IS THE GLADNESS OF THE WORLD

We have all been thinking of William Blake, who died at seventy, singing. Now we hear of an old gentleman who is still living at nearly a hundred, fiddling. He is known as Old John Kaye, and he lives near Manchester.

Twenty-eight years ago (even then he was known as Old John Kaye) this old man was taking an afternoon walk along a river bank. There were children playing near. John listened to them and smiled to himself and walked on. Little children's voices, and the songs of birds, and the water slipping by made for him a lovely picture.

#### A Gallant Rescue

Suddenly he heard a cry. He looked round in time to see a little boy slipping down the bank. In a moment the water had closed over him.

The old man did not stop to think that he was 71, too old to be a Boy Scout; he flung down his stick and jumped into the river, and with considerable difficulty he scrambled up the bank with the struggling, terrified boy in his arms. Old John told his playmates to take the little one straight home, and he went straight home himself, changed his clothes, had some tea, and thought no more about it, only thanking God that night that he had been the means of saving a life.

But although in his mind this wonderful old man said this was nothing, his body said differently. The sudden immersion had been a severe shock, and had aggravated a weakness from which John had been suffering for years. Within a week he was seriously ill. The doctors told him that only an operation could save him.

#### A Debt of Gratitude

As cheerfully as can be Old John consented to the operation. He was taken to the local cottage hospital. The doctors and nurses were amazed to see a man of 71 courageously facing the surgeon's knife. They tended him very carefully, and in a few weeks he was well again and back in his simple home.

He had tried to thank the doctors and nurses for their gentle care, but it seemed to him that thanks were not enough. Yet what could he do, an old man living on a small pension granted by the firm he used to work for? He was really quite poor.

One night he had an idea. He remembered that in his young days he had made fiddles for a hobby. Surely he had not lost all his skill? He managed to buy the material and set to work.

### Two Friends From Mons



These two noble-looking horses, known as Jones and Othello, helped to pull the first British gun at the Battle of Mons. They had been brought up as colts together, helped to win the war in one another's company, and now, when 26 years old, are still together. On a farm in Suffolk they are spending a well-earned retirement in the care of an officer of their battery, and here we see them enjoying a special feed on the anniversary of the famous battle.

Some time later he took a fiddle to the hospital, secretly afraid someone might laugh at him. He explained that it was the only present he could make, and he hoped they would find it acceptable. Then, feeling that a small bit of his debt of gratitude had been worked off, Old John went back home.

The fiddle was much appreciated. Someone asked him to make another. Filled with joy, feeling that God was very good to make an old man useful, John began his second. Buyers came along, and John's fiddles were sold almost as soon as they were made.

He is now 99, and is still handling the wood, lovingly shaping it, and keying the instrument to music for other fingers to make. During this time he has given over a hundred and fifty pounds to the cottage hospital, the profits from his fiddle-making.

He sits by a window where the Sun looks in from time to time, very happy in his labour. He has a secret desire that God will spare him long enough to make his hundred and fifty into two hundred. But he cannot work as long as he did.

The old hands tire, and while he is sitting back in his chair, resting, the shadow on the dial slips round.

"I'd like to be spared to make another or two," says the old voice, from which the music and vibration of manhood have so long departed.

Another fiddle, dear John! A little more music of the Earth, a little more sunshine for the house where there is so much darkness of pain, and then the music-maker will pass on to the Eternal Day. They will know him over there, for while still among us he has joined that Choir Invisible whose music is the gladness of the world.

#### STOPPING AN AEROPLANE

A means of stopping aeroplanes in about twice their own length has been invented by Mr. Francis Jenkins, already well known in the United States for his method of television.

When the aeroplane lands the propeller is automatically reversed, and the pilot is able to bring the machine to rest so quickly that it will be possible to land on the tops of buildings.

### THE MAN WHO FOUND SOMETHING TO DO

DESPERATE MOMENT IN A HERO'S LIFE

Frank Hopkins and His Great Adventure on Newport Quay

#### THE V.C.S OF PEACE

There are people even today who say that war makes men brave and unselfish. It does nothing of the sort; it gives men an opportunity to show the bravery and unselfishness which they are always showing in peace.

Consider only three actions which came into the news of seven days. The first concerns a brave general, the second two workmen on a steam wagon, the third a man who was looking for work on a quay.

A man of 67, General N. F. Jenkins, plunged into the sea to help a drowning girl, and lost his life for a stranger.

#### Scalded by Steam

Two artisans, Arthur Bingham and William Senior, were driving a steam wagon at Dalston when a pipe burst and they were scalded. They might have jumped out, but the street was crowded, and the driverless wagon would probably have caused an accident, and these men stuck to their posts and fumbled in the scalding steam till they found the controls and stopped the wagon. Then they were taken to hospital.

The third of these three cases is truly astonishing. In trying to jump from Newport Quay to the deck of a steamship lying ten feet off a sailor fell into the water. It was night, and there seemed no hope for him.

But a man named Frank Hopkins happened to be on the quay, and he plunged in. Someone on the deck of the SS. Cambrian Baroness flashed an electric torch over the water, and by its light Hopkins found the drowning man. With one arm about the sailor, who was helpless, Hopkins started to climb the ladder, but he slipped, and, to the horror of the people on the quay and on the ship, both men fell back into the water.

#### Twenty Seconds to Spare

Hopkins came to the surface, seized the sailor again, and was once more lugging him up the ladder when a more terrible thing happened. The ship started to swing toward the quay.

But Hopkins struggled on with his unconscious burden, and just managed to get ashore twenty seconds before the ship came up against the quay wall.

It is a glorious story, but all its glory is not told. Hopkins was on the quay looking for work. He has been looking for work for 20 months. We all know how unemployment is said to demoralise and embitter a man, but Frank Hopkins is proof that British character can stand even this hard test. He is of our race, and is worthy of it.



## THE TRAGEDY OF THE SKIES

### WHAT FLYING IS COSTING THE WORLD

Is a Little More Speed Worth the Great Sacrifice?

#### PRECIOUS LIVES LOST

Two more Americans have flown the Atlantic (this time in about 24 hours), and there have been many flying events of much interest.

Seaplanes of three nations, Great Britain, the United States, and Italy, have gone to Venice to try to wrest from the Italian aviators the Schneider Cup, which they won last year in this annual race, which is a struggle to attain the highest possible speed.

When the Italians won the race their planes did not shoot through the air with the awful speeds that are now promised. Their Macchi monoplane had an average speed of less than 250 miles an hour, though in a burst over a straight course it did something higher. But now five miles a minute is spoken of, and in the secret trials the Italians have held on Lake Varese 330 miles an hour are said to have been reached.

#### Secret Trials

All the tales of what the machines can do, will do, or may do, are told in breathless whispers. The trials are wrapt in mystery. The British planes, cleaving the air like bullets when practising for the great event, were called Hush! Hush! machines, though that gentle sound little resembles the roar, like that of express trains, with which they eat up the flying miles.

What is the purpose of all this secrecy, and what the value of this fevered race in which the planes and the men who pilot them are ever on the brink of death, a death swift and terrible? What is the value to the world of another mile a minute added to the record? What would it avail if the machines could go a mile a second?

#### Saving Half a Minute

We are a little reminded of what a Japanese Ambassador said when he was told that by taking the Elevated Railway in New York the ambassadorial party could save half a minute, if not more, on a journey to the Embassy. And what, asked the Japanese nobleman, should they do with it?

There is a more serious way of looking at these frantic feats of speed or endurance to which some of the most daring, the most adventurous, the most energetic of the world's young men dedicate their lives. Can the world afford to lose them? Can we go on with this appalling sacrifice of our young manhood? Do the results they achieve compensate for the loss of one of them?

#### Is It Worth It?

Every month, every week, nearly every day, the tale of loss mounts up. When a commercial plane, which is flown with every care for the safety of its passengers, breaks down as the Dutch plane did, that may be reckoned an accident as unforeseen or unavoidable as the loss of a ship at sea; but when a Nungesser and a Coli, the bravest of the brave, disappear in the mists of Newfoundland, never to be seen again, the country or the world which mourns them must ask whether the feat of crossing an ocean could be worth such a sacrifice. It cannot be denied that brave men will go on risking their lives in such attempts, and it cannot be helped. It is part of the courage which has uplifted the race. But whenever an attempt is foolhardy the question, Is it worth it? must always be asked.

The preparations for possible war in the air are absorbing the world's flying men in almost as certain and deadly a way as war itself. In the Great War that has passed a curve could be drawn

## THE SHIP AMONG THE TREES

### WHAT ONE GOOD MAN HAS DONE

And a Chance for Another Good Man in Australia

#### WHO WILL HOUSE THE TINGIRA?

Will no one offer the Tingira such a home as Colonel E. H. Green has given to the Charles W. Morgan?

The Charles W. Morgan was a famous old whaler, and when she was deemed no longer seaworthy Colonel Green could not bear to think of her being broken up. She had fought the storms so gallantly, she had dared the wrath of leviathan, and had ventured unafraid among icebergs. Surely she was too good for firewood!

The Colonel bought her and had her taken to his home in Massachusetts, where she was firmly embedded in concrete. Now she seems to be sailing over a green sea of waving grass. Everything on board is kept shipshape, and on high days and holidays she is gay with bunting from stem to stern. The flags of many nations and many shipowners flutter in the breeze, and the old ship dreams that her sails are set and that she is outward bound again.

#### A Splendid Garden Ornament

We like Colonel Green's idea, and all his guests must like it too, especially the boys. Of course, only a rich man can decorate his garden by setting a ship among the trees; most of us have to be content with a sundial among the hollyhocks. But there must be a millionaire or two in Australia who could afford such a splendid garden ornament as the Tingira.

She was a famous clipper built at Aberdeen in 1866, and was originally named Sobraon. She entered the Australian trade and made many voyages to Sydney and Melbourne, always with the same captain, J. T. Elmslie, till she was sold in 1891. She then became the property of the New South Wales Government, who used her as a training ship for homeless boys. In 1911 the Federal Government took her over and renamed her Tingira, an aboriginal word which means ocean. It is interesting to know that Captain Scott, the glorious Antarctic hero, admired the old Sobraon, and advised the Federal Government to use her as a training ship, which they did.

Now her day is over, and she is to be sold. But she has been called the cradle of the Australian Navy, and she is a beautiful thing to look upon. Will no rich Australian give her a berth in a meadow and pension some old seaman to keep her in seagoing order? She would make a fine museum, and she is herself a historic monument. *Picture on page 12*

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which showed almost with mathematical certainty how many times an airman would go up before death took him. The military Air Forces of the world could almost draw similar curves now in times of peace.

That is the direct consequence of the experiments which military fliers are encouraged to make. But the long-distance flights and the speed records are beginning to exact a similar toll. The long-distance flier is fortunate if, like Lieutenant Carr, he crashes on the Danube without losing his life, or even if, like Lieutenant Ragg, he becomes entangled in telegraph wires.

The less fortunate are those who, like Nungesser, accomplish part of their journey, or like the two American aeroplanes, Miss Doran and Golden Eagle, which set out from San Francisco for Hawaii and appear as we write to be lost for ever in the vast Pacific.

Is the reward it brings worth it? Can the world afford to pay the price?

## THE LIGHT THROUGH THE ABBEY WINDOW

### SUN'S FIRST RAYS ON THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE

New Glory of a Great and Solemn Place

#### THE NAMELESS TOMB

There is a new light in Westminster. For the first time for about fifty years the fitful gleams of the Sun are falling on a stone which has drawn more people into the Abbey than any other memorial in its history—the grave of the Unknown Warrior. The light is coming through the newly-cleaned West Window.

Londoners are probably amazed to find that there is a West Window in the Abbey; until now it might as well not have been there. For the first time in the history of the C.N. we are able to see properly this great mass of coloured glass which was put there over a century ago. And those dear stiff figures—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the Apostles, ranked up there like picture-book men, can see more clearly the world around them.

#### Fifty Years of Dirt

This is a tremendous spring-clean. In order to get at the window a scaffolding of thirteen storeys was erected, which it took three men a fortnight's hard work to set up. When they had rigged up their platforms and poles they said they had never seen such filth before. London dirt is of a peculiar dirtiness, sticky and greasy and black. No ordinary fuller will whiten the stones and glass which fifty years of dirt have grimed. But at last the spring-cleaners are smiling and saying, as many of us are happily able to say after a big work, *It has been worth while.*

The Abbey servants have made this part of God's House much brighter for us. We can go up and down the nave and spy out those queer shapes, faces, and names which crowd the walls and floor and make so very dear and mysterious this ancient building.

#### Greatest of the Dead

We are surrounded by the living and the dead. We cannot move but they brush our elbows and our heels. The living pass by and no one looks at them. Only when they are dead have they got a name. Then people stop and read the name and ponder on their age and deeds, and wonder what they were like, and if "he looked so grand when he was dead."

The greatest of the dead in this great place has no name, no rank. He is everyone who died for England; he is your hero and mine. The new light is on his nameless tomb.

#### The Moon Looks In

We sit down in the nave and let the thought of the nearness of life to eternal things come to us and rest as the pigeons outside rest for a minute on a buttress-spike. There is the hum and the pitter-patter of feet, hundreds of people passing by. These stones are never empty of an echo save when the Moon looks in as if to say Watchman, what of the night? and looks at the nameless grave, and slides away.

This is the heart of home, the altar, the place where life is being bravely lived and has been bravely offered up to death.

Listen again. How curiously muffled are the sounds. It is as if those who are sleeping here had said: *Tread softly, for you tread on my dreams.*

## EGYPT LOSES A LEADER

### Zaghlul Pasha

#### AN OLD FIGHTER FOR INDEPENDENCE PASSES ON

The most remarkable Egyptian of his day has passed away in Zaghlul Pasha, whose long struggle against persistent ill-health has ended at seventy.

Zaghlul gave the British rulers and advisers of Egypt a vast amount of trouble, and naturally all sorts of crimes and wickednesses were attributed to him. But today his single-hearted patriotism, absolute honesty, and remarkable ability are admitted. The worst that is said against him is that he often allowed himself to be influenced by extremists, and that he did not dissociate himself with sufficient vigour from crimes of violence committed in the national cause.

#### Living for Egypt

Zaghlul lived for one thing, the sovereign independence of Egypt, and our trouble with him was due to the fact that, while we conceded the principle of his demand, we found it impossible to avoid certain qualifications.

He belonged to the native peasantry, and in his early manhood was involved in a revolt against the ruling Turks. He became a lawyer, and rose rapidly in his profession; and Lord Cromer, recognising his ability, secured his appointment as Minister of Education. But in a later quarrel with the Khedive Lord Kitchener decided against him when, during the war, the Khedive had to be deposed.

#### Twice Deported

Later, when Zaghlul became the idolised leader of the Nationalists, he was twice deported, and his sufferings in the Seychelles Islands are said to have been the chief cause of the breakdown in his health. Four years ago, however, he returned in triumph to be Prime Minister under the newly-established Parliament. A golden opportunity presented itself for a final settlement with England when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was in power, but Zaghlul missed it by asking too much.

He lived to see a great improvement in Anglo-Egyptian relations, and there is little doubt that in the softened atmosphere created by his illness and death a final settlement will be reached.

## GETTING THINGS OUT OF THE EARTH

### Coal and Flowers

Mr. John Knight and his two sons are champions for getting things out of the ground. When they are at work it is coal; when off duty it is flowers.

These three Warwickshire miners carried off 45 prizes, including 21 firsts, at Bedworth Flower Show in Warwickshire, while a younger member of the family took second prize in the children's class for the best bunch of flowers.

## THINGS SAID

Ireland is going to be the most important air station in the world.

*An American Congressman*

If you go to Canada a pessimist you will feel like a fish out of water.

*Mr. Baldwin*

I hope you will keep your buildings small. Your skyline is far more original than ours.

*Mayor of New York*

If the same energy was put into our work as we put into sport we should not be long in making up our trade arrears.

*Mr. W. R. Morris*

Church of England people have not been taught to give generously like Nonconformists.

*Rev. Cyril Jackson of Southwark Cathedral*



## CARLO BORRROMEO

### The Fragment of a Hero's Hat

#### A SAINT OF THE PLAGUE DAYS

Some strange relics have been found during recent excavations at Douai, in Northern France.

On the site of some old barracks was once the home of English Benedictine monks, who at the time of the French Revolution fled the country after burying their treasures. Some of these were recovered in the middle of last century; others have only now been brought to light.

The most interesting recent discovery is a casket containing what is claimed to be a fragment of the hair-shirt worn by Thomas Becket, and bits of the Cardinal's hat worn by Carlo Borromeo, the sixteenth-century Archbishop of Milan.

#### In Plague-Stricken Milan

Saint Carlo was a great reformer who established schools and colleges for the ignorant clergy of his day; but what he is chiefly remembered for is his devoted care of his people when Milan was ravaged by the plague.

We know from stories of our own London what a plague visitation meant in the old days: red crosses on the doors behind which its victims lay, all outside aid withdrawn, the dying tended only by those of their household who loved them enough to stay, carts carrying away the bodies in the dead of night to be thrown into pits.

When the plague broke out at Milan the Cardinal's friends urged him to seek safety elsewhere, but he rebuked them, saying, "The duty of a Bishop is to give his life for his sheep, and I cannot abandon them." So he visited the sick, bringing them food and medicine, performing the last rites for the dying, offering prayers over their heaped and ghastly graves. Solemnly, before the altar in the glorious cathedral of Milan, he offered himself, like Moses, a sacrifice for his people.

#### A Story of Devotion

But the sacrifice was not exacted. Many rich people who had fled to beautiful villas in the country and tried to drown their fears in feasting and merrymaking perished, but Carlo and his 28 priests, living clean and simple lives and visiting from house to house without fear or faltering, came through unscathed.

The people proclaimed a miracle, and his name has been held in love and honour ever since.

## A WOMAN'S HAIR

### What Happened About it in Sumatra

One day Sumatra will become fashionable; and then, they say, there will be no more flowers in that lovely island.

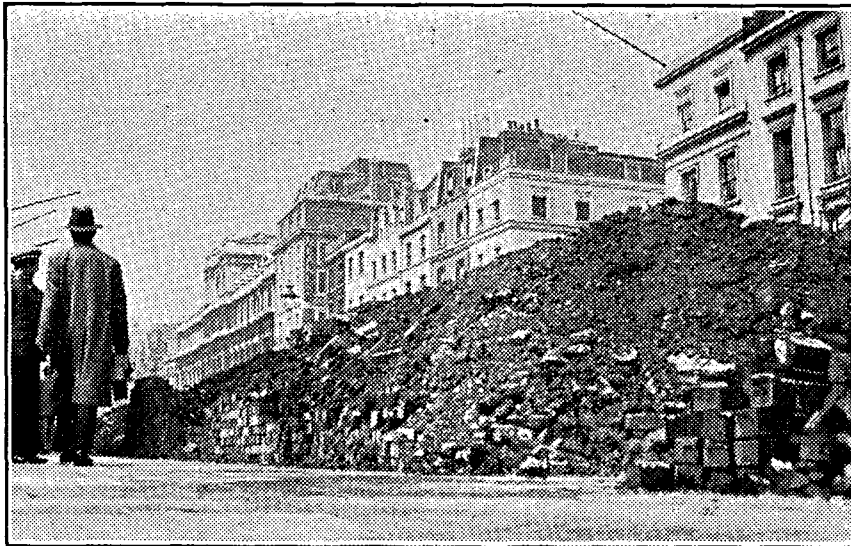
We are able to make this remarkable prediction because of a new travel book dealing with the Spice Islands and written by Mrs. Talbot Clifton.

In Sumatra, isle of orchids, golden pigeons, giant goldfish, and painted savages, she stayed in the house of a missionary. One day the native gardener approached the visitor and asked if she would let down her hair while he was sowing seeds; otherwise they would never grow.

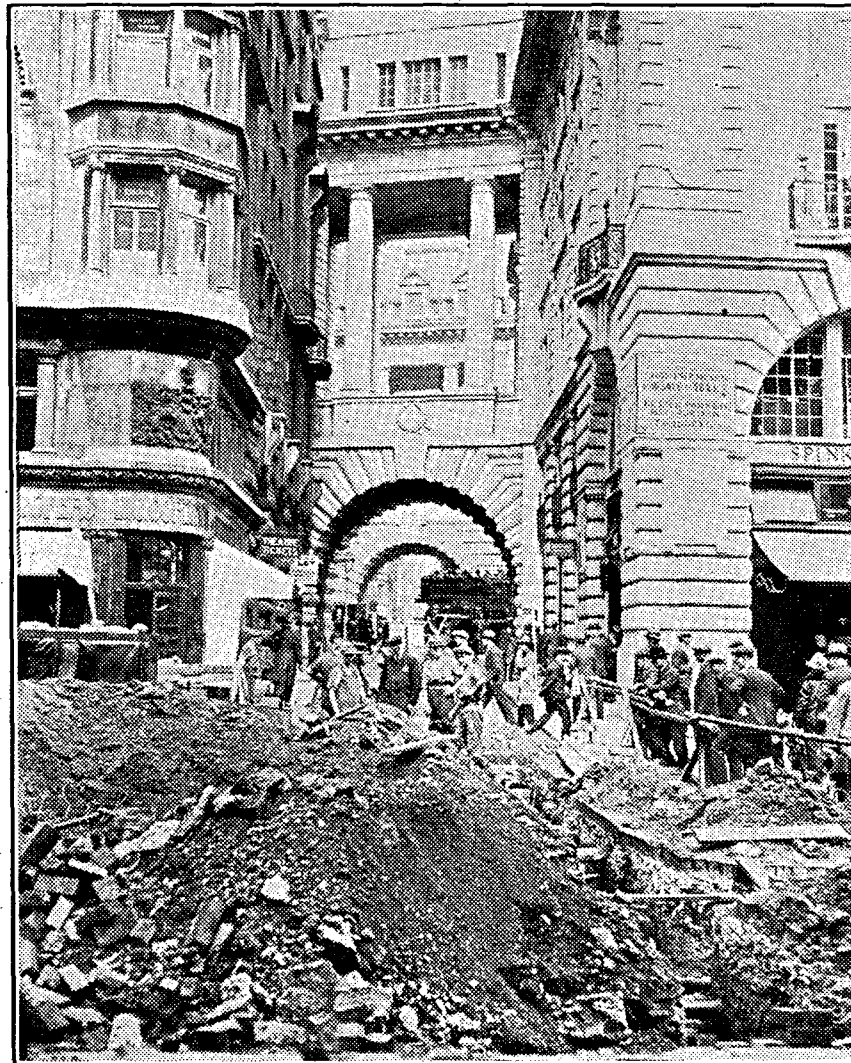
It would seem that the strange flowers of Sumatra refuse to grow unless there is ceremony at their sowing, and part of the ceremony is the letting-down of a woman's hair! What will happen when the cinematograph makes shingling fashionable in Sumatra?

The thought is almost unbearable, and we can only beg the cinema people to be careful.

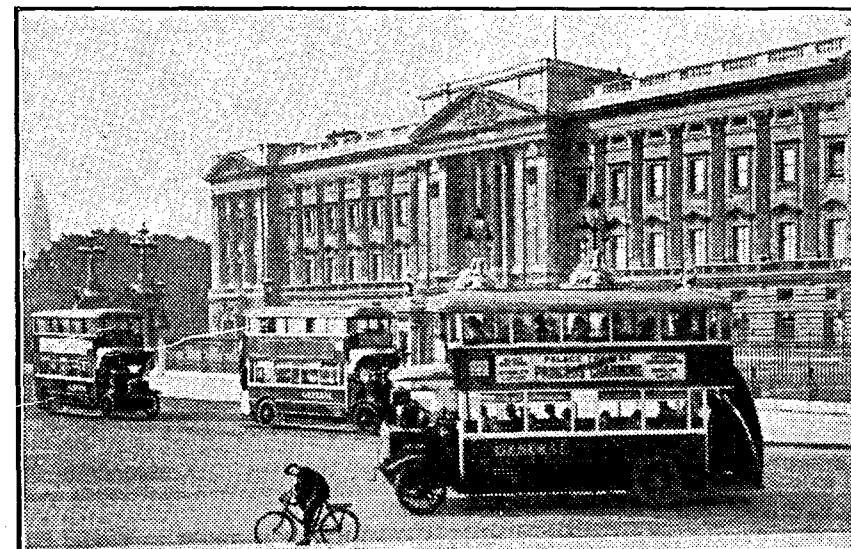
## THE GREAT UPHEAVAL



A mountain of debris in the middle of Piccadilly



Trenches being dug in the famous thoroughfare



Motor-buses passing in front of Buckingham Palace

Piccadilly, one of the best-known thoroughfares in the world, looks as though it had suffered from an earthquake. Workmen are laying a new roadway, and one result of the closing of the famous street has been to divert traffic so that bus passengers now, for the first time, pass to and fro in front of St. James's and Buckingham Palaces.

## FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF TIME

### FOUND AFTER MILLIONS OF YEARS

#### The Age-Old Procession of Life Through the Grand Canyon

#### THE STONE PARCHMENT OF HISTORY

Before man came into the world Nature wrote the simple record of life in sand or mud, and erased it with the first rain or gust of wind.

At times, however, she allowed the writing to remain and the mud to harden and be covered with a protective deposit of more sand or mud. So thorough was she at times that she made the protective covering thousands of feet thick, till it would seem that never again was the record to see the light of day.

#### Tracks in Red Sandstone

Then with the aid of a stream, and the infinite time at her disposal, she would cut through the blanket of hardened silt to deliver to the hands of men the fossil footprints which are the history of millions of years ago.

A piece of this old stone parchment, of great perfection, has been taken from the Grand Canyon of Colorado by Dr. Charles W. Gilmore, of the National Museum, Washington. It is a slab of old red mud hardened into sandstone. Running across it are the tracks of at least three kinds of animals. One was a heavy-footed creature with pads like a bear; a second stepped lightly leaving marks of a cat-like claw; while a third dragged a heavy tail, which left a sharp groove in the mud between its tracks. With the evidence of this single slab of stone it is possible to reconstruct a picture of the mud-bordered water hole to which animals of many kinds came to drink.

#### Reconstructing the Animals

What the animals looked like it is impossible to tell exactly, as their species disappeared long ago. The best the scientists can do is to reconstruct a creature based on fossil skeletons and on contemporary animals whose tracks bear a resemblance to the newly-discovered fossil footprints.

Dr. Gilmore collected this slab in the shale 1300 feet below the present top of the Canyon. The thickness of the deposits above it suggests that countless centuries have passed since the animals lived, and yet 500 feet farther down Dr. Gilmore has collected other fossil footprints of even older animals.

## IS U.S.A. AMERICA?

### The Small Republic's Point of View

Across the Atlantic they are hotly debating the question of renaming the continent of America.

When people speak of Americans they almost invariably refer to the citizens of the United States, but the United States is only part of America, and the other parts resent this habit of speech. Though the United States has adopted the name of America for itself, the Latin-American Republics resent this way of speaking. It appears that Cuba, Chile, Bolivia, Argentina, Honduras, and Brazil would all like the continent renamed Columbia.

Columbus discovered the continent, so there seems to be more reason why it should be named after him than after Amerigo Vespucci, who merely made the first map of the New World.

Whatever may happen, it is certain that it is too late to stop Europeans from speaking of United States ideals as American ideals or labelling Uncle Sam as America.



## A CASE THAT STIRRED TWO CONTINENTS

### WHAT IT WAS ABOUT

The Tragedy in which Mercy Might Have Seasoned Justice

### AMERICA'S SLOW LAWS

Every great nation has pages in its history that it would like to be able to rewrite. Many of the best friends of America believe that she has just written such a page. It is the story of the long trial of two criminals.

Sacco and Vanzetti were two Italian immigrants who believed in Anarchism. They believed mankind would be better without laws. It is a mad idea, but there is no crime in holding such a view so long as it is peacefully held.

### Conflicting Evidence

At a time when Americans were frightened by the progress of this theory of Anarchism, especially among foreign immigrants, Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested for murder. In the long trial which followed there was a strong conflict of evidence. Some lawyers hold that there was not enough evidence for a conviction; others declare that Judge Thayer was so keen on suppressing Anarchism that he was incapable of taking an unbiased view of the evidence. The men were found guilty and sentenced to death, and a committee was then formed for endeavouring to secure a reversal of the sentence.

The amazing thing is that the fight has continued for seven years. Again and again a fresh appeal has been entered, and again and again the execution has been put off till the appeal has been heard. It is difficult for us in England to understand how all this could be so prolonged.

### The Trial Reviewed

A most important step taken at this time was the appointment by the Governor of Massachusetts of a committee, with the President of Harvard University at its head, to review the trial and report to him before he decided whether to exercise his power of granting a free pardon. The committee reported that the men had had a fair trial, and that the evidence was sufficient.

We may assume the men were guilty, though we may also believe that the evidence can hardly have been clear if it took seven years to make it convincing. But the guilt of these men does not end the matter. However guilty they were one American comment put the whole case very well: "Seven years is a long time for a cat to play with a mouse!"

### Europe's Opinion

The thing had gone on so long that people had ceased to believe that the execution could ever take place, and a growing volume of public opinion in Europe began to tell our American neighbours that they really must not allow it to take place. This attitude was widely resented among them, one well-known Senator actually denouncing the concern of Europe for America's good name as a piece of impudence!

That is sad, and it is sad to know that the action of the condemned men's political friends was one of the most serious barriers to a merciful view of their case. Meetings were held in all great towns of America and Europe, at which threats of violence were made, and bomb outrages occurred on both sides of the Atlantic. Such action certainly stopped the flow of sympathy and was made the excuse for foolish talk about not surrendering to violence, though it can hardly be wrong to do right because the right is supported by some stupid and violent people.

Others who should have known better sent demands from England for the men's release, a thing they had no right to do. But we had all the right as friends

## A WONDERFUL OLD LADY

### 60 YEARS IN ITALY

Loss to a Beautiful English Home in Florence

### A GRACIOUS FIGURE

A wonderful old lady has died in her villa on the Fiesole hillside, near Florence, at 85.

Janet Anne Duff Gordon, who at 18 married Mr. Henry Ross, came on her mother's side of a literary family, and it was her boast that she represented the fourth generation of women writers when women writers were rare. Literature gave her her playfellows in her early childhood, all grown up and "terribly celebrated."

### Sitting on Macaulay's Knee

Heine, the German poet, and George Meredith told her stories; Thackeray and Dickens gave her books; Richard Doyle drew pictures for her. Tom Taylor, editor of Punch, was toast-master at her birthday party when she was three, when her guests included, besides Thackeray, the great Whig Lord Lansdowne, in blue coat and gold buttons, and the beautiful Caroline Norton, who was George Meredith's Diana of the Crossways.

Janet sat on Macaulay's knee and said to him "Now talk!" She used to be taken for dessert at Samuel Rogers's famous breakfast parties. At three her grandfather had taught her to reverence Jeremy Bentham and Edmund Burke, whom she somehow connected with the Bible!

While she was still a child her parents moved to Esher, and she became the friend of the exiled Orleans princes, hunting rabbits with them in Claremont Park.

On her marriage she went with her husband to Egypt, where he had a banking business, and when she was 21 she became Alexandria correspondent of The Times, whose great editor Delane was her friend and had often gone riding with her in Rotten Row.

### A Despotist Hostess

Mrs. Ross was 25 when she and her husband settled in Italy, which remained her home for 60 years. There she farmed and wrote and entertained. She was a great hostess, though despotist, and was rude to those who had the misfortune to bore her. But even her rudeness was stimulating!

Her rule spread through the neighbourhood of Florence and survived even the upheavals which followed the war. During the Communist rising forty Communists came to take her harvest of wine and oil; she made them pay for it. Later came a horde of young Fascists, fully armed; she made them throw away their cigarettes and drop their swagger before she would speak to them. She gave them the money they demanded—after they had given her their names, which she then forwarded to the police.

At 81 this wonderful old lady made her first flight, from Paris to London.

Continued from the previous column

and neighbours to urge the course that seemed just, which was to keep the men in prison. After their long torture it seemed a pitiless thing to kill them. It seems to us that no civilised nation should keep men so long under suspense.

The simple truth about this unhappy case seems to us to be that the American judicial system allows a delay which becomes cruel in the end, and those responsible for such cruelty may reasonably be asked to be merciful. The torture of criminals is not allowed in civilised countries, and torture is not too strong a word for the long-drawn-out punishment of these men. It is hoped the case will lead to a thorough overhauling of the legal conditions which made it possible and in a speeding-up of the law.

## ZOO BABIES

### New Inhabitants of Regent's Park

THE SHY AND THE FRIENDLY THINGS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo has been fortunate this year, for the births in the menagerie have been numerous and varied.

But although the Zoo is proud of its well-stocked nursery, many of these little animals have had to be hidden for some time after they were born because captive mothers often turn on their offspring if alarmed or irritated.

The most important of these new Zoo babies is a Grevy's zebra, the first zebra to be born in the Gardens since the war. The Grevy's is the largest and most handsome of all the zebras, and as this baby is said to be the finest and healthiest foal the Zoo has ever had the little one has several claims to distinction.

### Nicknamed Fireworks

At birth he was fully striped and so lively that he was nicknamed Fireworks. Like his neighbour, a baby kiang, he was able to run with his mother when a few hours old. Not far away from these babies are three other interesting little animals, a gazelle and two collared peccaries. The parents of the twin peccaries bred for the first time last year, and their baby was the first ever born at the Zoo. This year's babies are interesting because they are twins.

The gazelle is too timid to venture far away from its mother, but in the antelope paddocks there are little nilgais that are only too pleased to make friends with human admirers.

### Interesting Newcomers

A baby bison has also been born in the Gardens, and his birth was not a common event. The black buck are busy rearing a small addition to the herd, while the wapiti, the largest members of the antelope family, have presented the Zoo with two spotted fawns. These fawns are not able to run for some weeks after birth, but a number of kids, born in the enclosures on the Mappin Terraces, were strong and agile enough to chase up and down the slopes of the Terraces as soon as they could stand.

Some other Zoo babies are not being reared by their parents, but have been given to a foster-mother. In the Lion House paddocks a litter of wolves is being reared by a dog of the setter variety, and a family of dholes has been given to another dog.

## MILLIONS OF SIGNALS EVERY SECOND

### What Television Needs

A new sensitive cell has been invented which responds to light with such rapidity that it will make it possible to see much more complicated things by wireless than the mere faces seen at present by television.

The new device is just an ordinary glass bulb with a small filament, and after it is exhausted some potassium is forced through the glass into the inside by an ingenious process of electrolysis. The slightest change in the strength of the light falling on the cell is recorded by a change in the amount of electric current it produces.

Present-day cells will do this in a millionth part of a second, but this is not quick enough for the needs of electric sight, where to see a quick-moving scene by wireless would mean sending at least three million electric signals a second.

## THE TELEPHONE IN THE GREAT FLOOD

### Heroes of the Line

THE OPERATOR'S DEVOTION TO HIS DUTY

Mr. Hoover, the great American Minister who organised the relief work in the Mississippi floods, has been telling an interesting story of the wonderful help he received from the telephone system.

Quick communication was everything, and of course there were other means of communication besides the telephone. But the telephone, unlike the telegraph or the wireless service, gave direct two-way personal communication without the need of trained operators. There was hardly a hamlet throughout the vast area of inundation that did not possess its telephone.

### What the Telephones Did

It was by telephone that warning of a break in the dykes came through to the organisers of the rescue service, and by telephone again that the warning was forwarded to those in the path of the flood. Telephones directed the fleets of steamers, barges, and motor-boats carrying out the rescues from the centres at which they stood by. Telephones announced their coming to the marooned. Telephones forwarded the air scouts' reports of refugees still unrescued. Telephones collected the data on which forecasts of the progress of the wave crest were based and distributed the forecast where it was most needed.

But, of course, though anyone could use the telephone, it would have been useless without trained operators at the exchanges and trained linesmen looking after the wires, and marvellous devotion to duty was shown by both sections of the service.

### Working in the Water

The floods snapped wires right and left, and submerged them when they did not break them. Linesmen dived and swam from motor-boats and canoes to rejoin them, or raised them on to quickly-fixed extension poles joined to the submerged supports.

The switchboard operators stuck to their posts like wireless operators on a sinking liner, heedless of their own safety till they had got the messages through, watching and waiting day and night for the information that must be forwarded to help the work of rescue.

The resourcefulness, fidelity, and heroism of all concerned, says Mr. Hoover, were beyond all praise. Man's invention is a great human asset, but man's devotion to duty is greater still.

## KEW SUNSHINE

### Helping on the Lettuces

Vitaglass, it seems, is good for growing lettuces and tomatoes as well as for growing boys and girls.

Experiment at Kew shows that lettuces grow two ounces heavier under glass which allows the ultra-violet rays to pass through it than under ordinary glass. Now a second experiment is being tried.

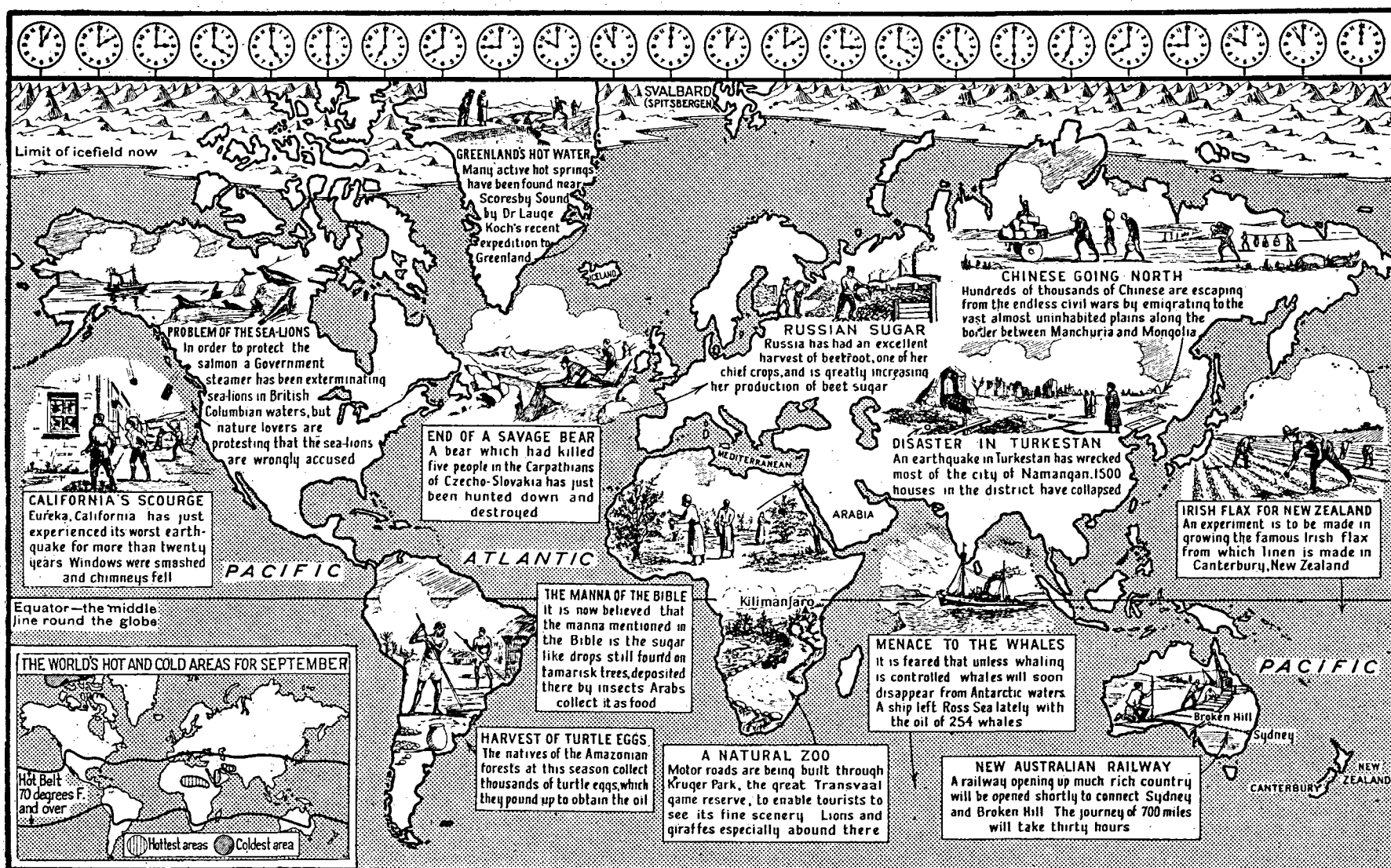
Of three greenhouses the first is fitted with clear vitaglass, the second with opaque vitaglass, the third with ordinary glass, and the same series of seeds and plants is being placed in each house. The question is whether the Sun's most beneficial rays will penetrate opaque vitaglass as they penetrate the clear.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Kilimanjaro	Kil-e-mahn-jar-ro
Nyasaland	Ne-ah-sah-land
Ophiuchus	Off-e-u-kus
Osaka	O-zah-kah
Tungabhadra	Toon-gah-bud-rah



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## FLYING TO THE MORNING DIP A Spin Before Breakfast

What will happen to flying nobody knows; certainly it is full of peril and full of possibility.

A duchess has been on a flying holiday on which she looked down into the crater of Vesuvius; now we hear of a gentleman living near Slough who the other morning, before the milkman began his rounds, got out a little Moth aeroplane and flew in half an hour to Littlehampton, fifty miles away. In a few minutes he had changed into his bathing-costume and was enjoying a morning dip. Then back he went to his aeroplane, twirled the propeller for contact, and was back in Bucks for breakfast.

The journey out took him 34 minutes and the journey back six minutes less. The return trip cost him four shillings, and he never ate his breakfast with a better appetite.

## MINING THE AIR Factories Springing Up

Mining nitrogen from the atmosphere is an industry which is being more and more taken up all over the world.

A new nitrogen factory at Toulouse will turn out 500 tons of ammonium sulphate a day. A big factory is being built in Poland which will be ready in 1930, and a Russian works is shortly to be erected which will produce a hundred tons a day.

## A FLYWHEEL BURSTS TO PIECES

A remarkable accident occurred the other day at a works in Sheffield when a huge flywheel, 30 feet across and weighing 54 tons, burst into pieces and did a great deal of damage. One piece of the flywheel was thrown a hundred yards away into a public road, and another piece, weighing three tons, went through the wall of the factory. Only one workman was slightly hurt.

## UNFIT FOR BABY The Government Does a Good Thing

Dried skimmed milk does not sound a very appetising food, though it has no doubt appropriate uses.

The Ministry of Health has decided that it is not, at any rate, fit food for babies, and it has given notice that from July next year it must be marked with a label "Unfit for Babies," so clearly that all concerned with babies may have no excuse for not seeing it.

The C.N. will be much older before Daddy's Beer Bottle is labelled "Unfit for Fathers," but it is 'good to begin with Baby.

## ONE BULLET AND THREE ELEPHANTS A Uganda Story

Talking of country surprises the other day we referred to the hook which caught two fishes and the shot which killed two birds. In some ways as surprising is the story which now comes from Uganda of three elephants which died as the result of one bullet. The elephant struck by the bullet slid down the slope of a hill and crashed into another, so that both rolled down together. On the way they met a third, and all three crashed down the hillside.

## THE SILKWORM'S SILK Can We Beat It?

A way of making better silk than that of the silkworm has been discovered at the Imperial Research Institute at Osaka.

As C.N. readers know, artificial silk is made by squirting a gum-like liquid made from wood through a fine nozzle. Old silk rags (of real silk) are now to be dissolved into a similar liquid, squirted, and drawn into threads. The product is claimed to be something better than has ever been known before.

## MOSES THE MOO A Tale of a Hampshire Farm

An unusual thing happened the other day on a Hampshire farm.

One of the cows seemed to be ailing, and was kept in the yard for two days. Then the cowman took her back to the meadow where the other beasts had been feeding. Immediately she hurried across to some bulrushes growing at the riverside, and there began to lick a tiny calf.

It was her own baby, born two days ago, unknown to everyone. The cowman had not found it on his daily visits and the other cows had taken no notice of the poor waif.

We are glad to say that the calf does not seem to have suffered at all from its exposure and lack of food.

## JERSEY PAYS £300,000 Toward the War

After long negotiations Jersey has made final arrangements for paying what she regards as a debt of honour, her contribution to the cost of the war.

The States have passed a Bill to raise £300,000. The discussions which have led to this decision have led also to the realisation that Jersey's system of taxation needs reform, and it is probable that an income-tax will be imposed for the first time in the island.

## NO MORE PRESSING THE BUTTON?

A new kind of electric cord has been invented by a Hungarian engineer which does away with the electric push-button.

This cord can be squeezed or pinched at any point along its length, and it will make contact and ring the bell or operate the signal at the end of the wire. One of its uses will be in mines, where a fall of rock striking the wire will automatically sound an alarm.

## THE BLACK MAN'S PRECIOUS STONES Not to be Stolen

We read in the Australian papers that a man who bought a hoard of sacred stones stolen from a secret cave of the Australian aborigines has got into serious trouble about it. We used to think nothing of seizing native idols, totems, and so on, and putting them in our museums. The man who bought these stones from a white man proposed to present them to a museum, but in view of the public outcry at the theft it is said that the museum authorities are not likely to accept them. It is even possible that the Federal Government may order their return to their rightful owners.

The Prehistoric Society in Melbourne denounces the seizure as an act of sacrilege, and the Archbishop of Melbourne declares that it is an outrage to remove treasured objects of worship from a hallowed spot.

## A VERY QUEER EVENT A Road of Glass

A queer accident occurred the other day which has perhaps no parallel anywhere in the world.

Neuwied, a German town on the Rhine, has important glass works. The other day an oven full of molten glass burst, and the glass flowed out through a window into the street. The street was 20 feet wide, and over 40 yards of it the molten glass spread and congealed to the depth of a foot.

It does not seem to have occurred to the authorities to test the new road-surface with the local steamroller. Instead, a gang of workmen was set to work with pick and shovel to remove it, and in spite of its brittleness they found the work arduous and difficult.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 10 1927

### The Hammer and the Anvil

AN old legend suggests that the inspiration which led to the first stringed instrument came from a smithy. It was as the inventor listened to the sounds born of hammer and anvil that the idea of such an instrument came to him.

There is probably some truth in it. It is at least more probable than the legend that music and fire were stolen from heaven when the gods were not awake! It is likely that music, like other wonderful things, had quite lowly beginnings.

At the heart of many a masterpiece in music there is some simple melody, a phrase of some folk-song that had its birth, if not in a smithy or a manger, certainly not far away. An organ recital we heard the other day had in it Tchaikovsky's Plasterer's Song. It is said that the composer heard a plasterer singing the air while at his plastering.

There is not a little romance of that kind in music. All along the common ways of life the master finds the inspirations out of which masterpieces come. So is it in poetry and art and literature. The stuff out of which even the greatest works are fashioned is not found in some world far removed from ours: it is there along the path of man's common life.

Any volume of poetry, any gallery of art, drives home that truth. Alice Meynell has a poem called "November Blue," which she found in a subtle tone of the lighted streets on a November day. She finds poetry in a November street and in the raking of dead leaves in Kensington Gardens. "A dead harvest," she calls it.

Barrie's most memorable discovery was that there was literature in Kirriemuir. He had imagined that his quarry would be in London. He had moved there, with much advice from his mother, who told him "to walk in the middle of the street, never to venture forth after sunset, and always to lock up everything." There he expected to find his material. Then almost by accident he discovered that his finest material lay in that little community of Auld Lichts which he had left.

There is a sense in which we have all to be artists, or poets, or music makers; to make of life a poem, an inspired writing, a sonata. The notes, the words, are those of ordinary human experience. Our task is to fashion them into a work of beauty. The common feeling is that the words or the notes are not fine enough. We do not see the possibilities at our door. Yet there they are all the time if we will open our eyes.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### A Summer Recipe

We steal this recipe from a little book which comes our way from Massachusetts, and dedicate it to the National Playing Fields Movement.

SUMMER PRESERVING. This is the time of the year when we have to look up our recipes for preserving children. A recipe that has never failed to be a success is as follows:

- 1 large grassy field
- 6 children
- 1 or 2 small dogs
- 1 brook with pebbles

Mix children and dogs well together and place them in the field, stirring constantly. Pour brook over pebbles and add a few dozen minnows. Sprinkle field with flowers, spread over all a deep blue sky and bake in the sun. When brown remove; set to cool in a bath, or better still in lake or ocean.

### Where are Our Great Men?

THE C.N. believes there are always great men in the world, though the rest of the world may not agree about their names. But the question seems still to be unsettled, and we note three opinions that have lately been expressed and are worth recording.

For two thousand years there never was a period when somewhere in the world there was not a great poet, philosopher, or genius of some sort who dwarfed his fellow-men. Today there is not one such man in any country. *Dr. Murray Butler*

We are in a great revolutionary period the world is changing as it sweeps along. Great discoveries are being made unknown to the millions of people who live their daily lives in the hurly-burly of the modern world. No great men? I do not agree.

*Sir Oliver Lodge*

I do not think there is a dearth of genius. Great men come in waves, more at one time than at another; but how can you tell who are the real geniuses among your contemporaries? *Sir Arthur Keilh*

We have no doubt whatever that in a hundred years great names of our day will shine like stars in the sky.

### The Closed Church Doors

A FRIEND who has been motoring in Warwickshire and Worcestershire sends us this list of churches with locked doors: Alcester, Charlecote, Inkberrow, and Spetchley. A little farther on Tewkesbury Abbey itself was closed on a Sunday afternoon.

We are delighted to see that the great experiment tried by the Dean of Canterbury of throwing the cathedral entirely open has been not only a great joy to the travelling public, and a great inspiration to hundreds who love beautiful things, but very profitable to the cathedral's treasury. Hundreds of pounds more have been given voluntarily since the cathedral was thrown open than was ever received from visitors in the paying days.

What some of our churches still need is faith. If they will open their doors the public will open their pockets.

### The Very Shortest?

THERE seems always to be a shorter shortest poem. We have published two—one of two lines with eight letters, and one of two lines with four letters. Now one of our merry readers in Surrey beats them all with this:

#### Ode to a Horse

G  
G

We think it will be hard to beat, and it has at least the virtue of saying what it means.

### Tip-Cat

FAT men are continually complaining that they are fat. Well, but they have a good deal to complain about.

A HORTICULTURIST has been searching through four continents for a new rose. Very careless of him to have lost it.

TODAY, we are told, there is not a single great man in any country. They have all been wise enough to get married.

A PARTY of plumbers have been having a big dinner in London. At the finish they amused themselves with pipes, as usual.

### Peter Puck Wants to Know



If this brain-wave brings a ripple of mirth

It is said that every sensible man on a holiday feels like a king. But it costs him more than his crown.

RUNNING is described as a healthy exercise. Till you get run down.

MR. BALDWIN has won a gold medal for honey at a Worcestershire

show. Getting ready for the General Election.

THE Prince of Wales will come home to find the buses passing the Palace. In these hard times it is something to save a taxi.

### The Carted Stag

We take leave, without the poet's permission, to dedicate these verses to the Noble Order of Somerset Sporting Men.

Now hail ye, merry huntsmen,  
A gladsome day is born,  
A day to kill and harry,  
So wind the cheerful horn!

Ye shall not miss your quarry  
Who hound the noble hart,  
For lo! we have a tame one,  
Convenient in a cart!

So set him down, my masters,  
And bait him with a cheer;  
The merry hounds shall make  
him run  
And fill his heart with fear!

Now tally-ho, Tantivy!  
And never mind the pain,  
Now up and hunt the carted stag  
And cart him home again!

From the Poems of Sir Leo Chiozza Money

## Three Things Seen in the Streets

By One Who Saw Them

THE festival of St. James has come round again.

Though not one London child in a hundred thousand knows of this, the recurring memory is being kept in mind by the children who build little cairns of grass and cigarette cards and an oyster shell (if they can find one), and ask the passer by "Please to remember the grotter." It is a relic of the days when pilgrims with scallop shells begged their way towards the shrine of the saint at Santiago de Compostela, in Spain.

But, as a correspondent writes to us, the custom seems to have fallen on bad times, for in some poor districts children beg all day for pennies, and that is not good for them. The other day our correspondent was passing along a byway where there were three grottoes with their children in waiting, and each would be first to take alms. This passer-by, as it happened, had nothing smaller than a shilling, and said so at last to the most importunate little girl. Whereupon she offered to give him change!

### A Missing Bicycle

That was the first odd thing he met that week. The next was not so amusing. Outside a shop in the High Street was pinned a notice written in pencil, and not very well spelled, which read: "Will the person who took a bicycle from High Street about five-thirty on Alexander Day, which belonged to a poor errand boy and got on the hire system, return same, for which he will return his thanks." That was bad, for the notice has been up a long time, and the errand boy had not got back his bicycle when our correspondent last passed that way.

But if unkind and cruel things are done, sometimes the eye is gladdened by an act which seems to arise from the spirit of true charity. In Bond Street the other day a mounted policeman's horse began to plunge in the traffic, and a man stepped up to it and gave it a carrot. There was a sight in one of the most fashionable streets in the world! The horse took to the carrot very kindly and became as calm as a cart-horse with a nosebag.

The best of this story is to come. The benefactor always has a carrot in his pocket, and more than one tradesman's horse in Bond Street knows it. He is a poor man, but this is his way of charity.

Good, bad, and indifferent are the sights of London. We have kept the best till the last.

### At the Carnival

I'm glad we came down to this fair.  
Laughter is shouting; over there  
Joy waves its hands;  
Here Frolic stands.  
Song, too, and his own sister Tears  
Are dancing—both together—Cheers!  
I'm glad we came down to this fair.

Egbert Sandford



September 10, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

## OUR NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

### HOW JERUSALEM GOT ITS MUSIC

The Great Song that was Born in the Great War

### PATHOS OF ITS HISTORY

The noblest of all the celebrations of William Blake, whose centenary we have been keeping, is the growing acceptance of his Jerusalem as the National Anthem of our hearts.

When King Edward died a little reader of the C.N. ran in tears to one of her elders sobbing "There will be no more God Save the King now." She has since sung the same words many times on behalf of King George. National anthems do not die. Indeed, instead of letting one die we are by common consent accepting Blake's Jerusalem as a national hymn.

### Glories Yet to Be

The rapid adoption of this lovely piece of imaginative patriotism, in which we sing of the glories yet to be of our Motherland, is due largely to wireless, which broadcast it to all the ends of the land from Wembley, and thrilled our hearts and minds afresh with it as a song of prayer and thanksgiving when the Great Strike ended.

Our true National Anthem expresses our devotion to the Throne, which is simply the public will crowned; but Blake's poem is a song from the heart of a people who sing of their native home, who see its past and future as in a vision, and vow themselves to inspired service and holy adventure to make a heaven on earth of "England's green and pleasant land."

The poem, as read, is sheer music, yet it needed a melody so that it could be sung. So Mrs. Fawcett, whose life as the wife of the blind man who was once Postmaster-General has itself been a poem splendidly lived, asked her friend Sir Hubert Parry to write a fitting tune for Jerusalem.

### Ringling Through the Country

He joyously complied, and the song was sung for the first time in public in the spring of 1918. What a time it was to give us a new hymn! How English hearts throbbed as this tune and its matchless words rang through the country; for it was the season of the great German offensive, and it was by no means certain that the feet of foemen might not violate our shores. Just in time Sir Hubert Parry wrote the tune which may make him immortal in our hearts. He wrote it to gratify a gracious woman, and its history is pathetic, for it was his swan-song. He died the same year. Our shores were kept secure, but he who gave us this hymn was not to know the good news.

In nine short years the anthem has spread throughout the Empire. Millions have sung it, tens of millions have heard it. It is the established song of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides, a fact which would have delighted the poet.

### On Trial for His Life

Do we all remember that the wonderful volcanic genius who gave us the words of this exalted song of the Homeland was once on trial for his life on a charge of high treason?

Blake was an impetuous fiery midget, and, finding a great drunken soldier skulking in his garden, assailed him with bantam-like courage and pitched him out. The soldier, out of revenge, declared that the poet had exclaimed, "Hang the King and you too," a most dangerous thing to say in those times.

Not without difficulty did the little genius secure his acquittal. They might have shot him on some dark morning with Jerusalem unwritten, so denying posterity one of its richest poetic treasures and England her second National Anthem.

## BROKEN EARTHENWARE

*WE can imagine this little story being told in ancient Britain.*

"There, you clumsy thing, you've broken it! And you know how your master loves it! He brought it all the way from Rome, and you must let it fall as if it were a piece of your common British pottery. Well, you will get a good beating; be sure of that."

So scolded the head servant, and the little slave girl burst into tears. Just then the General came by.

"Why, what is this, little one?" he asked. She was crying too much to answer, but the old woman replied:

"O, sir, it's your favourite wine-jar she has broken; that is why she weeps, and no wonder!"

The General took up the broken treasure and said, "It is a clean break;

we will have it riveted, and it will last a lifetime. There is nothing to cry about, little stupid."

The little slave girl threw herself down on her knees and kissed the bronze signet-ring on his hand. . . .

We can imagine the story; what we know is the fact that the other day some men were digging the foundations of a garage at Witherley in South Leicestershire. They came on a Roman coin, then a brooch, then a bronze signet-ring, and then a quantity of pottery. One fine piece of red glazed pottery had been riveted.

A scholar who carefully examined it said it belonged to someone who camped at Manduessedum in the second or third century. "It must have been a treasured possession," he added.

## THE RESTAURANT MOTOR-COACH



The restaurant coach arriving in London



Serving tea during the journey from Folkestone to London

A luxurious motor-coach in which meals are actually served during the journey is now running between Folkestone and London. Not only teas, but hot dinners of meat, vegetables, and so on, are provided for the passengers

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The last of the lead works of Flintshire has closed down.

The G.W.R. is substituting orange for red in its distant signal lights on two of its main lines.

### A Million Parcels

In the first year of the Cash-on-Delivery Service being in operation a million parcels were carried of an average value of about a pound.

### A Halfpenny for a Cathedral

At Southwark Cathedral the other Sunday a man with three fashionably-dressed women attending the morning service put a halfpenny in the plate for the four!

### Better and Better

It took 30 years to secure half a million telephone subscribers in Britain. Another half million was added in 15 years. Now a third half million has been obtained in less than five years.

Brussels, Berlin, and Vienna are now connected by underground telephones.

The whole of the British Pharmacopoeia (a list of drugs and their uses) has now been translated into Chinese.

### The Champion

A man suing his employer at Eastbourne for wages in lieu of notice admitted that he had had 288 situations since 1913. His claim was dismissed.

### The Old Vic

It has been found that the Old Vic has been so much shaken by the vibration of traffic that it will take £25,000 to put it in order instead of the estimated £16,000.

### Speaking from the Ocean Bed

An American naturalist exploring the ocean bed recently carried a telephone connection with the ship, and his description of what he saw was taken down by a secretary on board.

## DISCOVERY OF A GREAT HUMBUG

BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT

Imposture Brought to Light After Two Hundred Years

### THE POOR LITTLE JEWESS

An imposture which deceived the world for two hundred years has just been exposed by M. Fouché-Delbosc, a famous authority on Spanish literature and history.

In 1691 a book was published in France called *A Journey in Spain*, by Madame d'Aulnoy. The author said in her preface:

*I write nothing but what I have seen, or heard from Persons of Unquestionable Credit; and therefore shall conclude with assuring you that you have here no Novel or Story devised at pleasure but an Exact and most True Account of what I met with in my Travels.*

At the time very little was known about Spain in foreign lands, so this book was eagerly read. It was immediately translated into English, and ran through twelve editions in fifty years. All the world and his wife were reading it and saying: "At last we know the truth about Spain."

### Victor Hugo's Mistake

The book's success was not a passing one. People continued to consult it long after its author was dead. Such great critics as Sainte-Beuve and Taine gave it the highest praise, and Taine said that at last it enabled foreigners to know Spanish character as it really was.

Victor Hugo was bewitched by the book too; especially by its account of a royal marriage. There was a great burning of Jews by the Spanish Inquisition. Among the victims, said Madame d'Aulnoy, was a young Jewess who could not have been more than seventeen, and who was extraordinarily beautiful. She cried to the queen to intercede for her, but in vain. This passage so moved the great French poet that he turned it into verse.

After all this it seems hard to believe the truth. *Madame d'Aulnoy never went to Spain.* The voyage was imaginary, as unreal as the dreams that we call Castles in Spain.

### The Truth

The truth was suspected by Mr. Martin Hume, and it has now been proved beyond doubt by M. Fouché-Delbosc, who has patiently been tracking down Madame d'Aulnoy's mistakes in geography and history. He has also pointed out that most of the book is stolen; she copied passages from Spanish novelists and dramatists and pretended they were parts of her journal.

Ever since William and Mary reigned in England she has humbugged the world, including great literary critics, but at last she is unmasked, and how glad we are! For now we know that the poor little Jewess was not burned, except in Madame d'Aulnoy's imagination.

## HUNGARY FREE FROM THE WAR

### The League Takes Over Control

The Great War has come to an end in Hungary! Like Germany and Bulgaria, she has at last been freed from military control.

Ever since the peace, in Hungary as in the other defeated countries, Allied Commissions of Control have watched over her carrying out of the disarmament clauses of the Peace Treaty. Now the Commission has been wound up, and the task of seeing that treaty obligations are maintained has been handed over to the League of Nations, of which victors and vanquished alike are members.



## CAPTAIN OF CHILE VIRTUES OF A DICTATOR

Cabinet of Young Men Who  
Are Bringing Back Prosperity

CARLO IBANEZ

"All the virtues of Mussolini without his faults" is the description given by one who knows the new leader of Chile.

This wonderful man is a young soldier named Carlo Ibanez. He has attained power without a revolution, without a march on the capital, without suppressing Parliaments, without exciting his opponents, without stopping newspapers, and without destroying freedom of speech.

The existing Government made way for him simply because it found that the people would have him, and that even the Army would side with him if the Government did not bow to its will.

### Reform in Earnest

Chile, like most of Latin America, has hitherto been governed by bribery masquerading as democracy. Public offices were bought and sold, and so was justice. Reforms were often promised, but the promises were never kept, or never kept for long. Revolutions which changed the composition of Governments never changed their character.

So a new reform party arose, with Captain Ibanez at its head, and President Figueroa found it so formidable that he took the young man into his Government, making him a Colonel and Minister of the Interior. Of course after that, by all the rules of the old game, Ibanez ought to have turned round and made himself rich, but instead he set himself to the great work of reform. Very quickly the turn of his fellow-ministers came, and the President was compelled to turn them out and appoint new ones, making his new colonel Vice-President! Soon the President went on leave for a holiday, and finally he resigned, and Ibanez became the head of the Government.

### Helping the Taxpayer

Corrupt officials have been turned out wholesale and corrupt politicians have been banished. Eighteen magistrates have been impeached, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who tried to stop the proceedings, has been removed from office. In six months nearly a million pounds of the taxpayer's money has been saved by cutting out useless offices and reducing salaries.

The Cabinet of President Ibanez is composed almost entirely of young men. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was three years ago a junior reporter on the national newspaper. But they are managing to bring prosperity back to Chile, and naturally they are immensely popular with the people.

## WORLD-KNOWN HYMN A Gas Company Does a Gracious Thing

We do not expect memorials to hymn-writers from gas companies, but it was a natural and gracious act when the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia pulled down a house to make room for an extension of its premises that it should set up a memorial tablet on the walls of the new building recording that there Dr. Joseph Gilmore wrote the world-famous hymn "He Leadeth Me."

Dr. Gilmore's hymn and William Bradbury's tune are familiar all the world over, the hymn in many languages. It is recorded that a Chinese sang it to a judge in a court of law on an occasion when hymns had been sung in a building the Chinese was charged with letting to Christians as an opium refuge, and the judge wanted to know what the singing meant.

## THE FALLING RIVER A Come-Down for the Great Zambesi

A very curious development is reported in the flow of trade in the great Zambesi basin.

A railway, known as the Central African, runs south from British Nyasaland, striking the Zambesi at a place called Chindio. The natural outlet for Nyasaland trade by this route would seem to be down the river from Chindio to the port of Chinde.

But Chinde is silting up, and there is a new railway from Murraça, opposite Chindio, to the more convenient port of Beira, already the chief port for Southern Rhodesia. So trade has come to cross the Zambesi by boat from Chindio to Murraça instead of going down the river.

Now comes news of fresh trouble. The level of the Zambesi where the two railway systems reach it is steadily falling, from what cause is not explained, and both Chindio and Murraça are proving useless. The port on the north bank is to be moved up-stream and that on the south bank is to be moved lower down, making the river passage for all goods a much longer one.

The obvious remedy is a bridge. This has been talked of for a long time; now it has become urgent. No doubt it will soon be decided upon. But what a come-down for the great Zambesi!

## COUNTRIES AND THEIR PEOPLE

### The Growth of Population

It is startling to find that last year the birth-rate in England was lower even than in France.

It is the lowest of all the chief countries of Europe except Sweden. Sweden had under 17 births a thousand of her population, England had nearly 18, and France nearly 19. The highest birth-rate of all is in Italy, with close upon 28 a thousand.

But a country's birth-rate must always be considered in relation to its death-rate. It is no use a lot of people being born if they are going to die young, and the country that has comparatively few children but brings them up healthy and strong may be well satisfied. The trouble in France is that her death-rate among children is still high, 17 a thousand against England's 11. The result is that, while the natural increase of England's population during the year was a little over six a thousand, that of France was only just over one a thousand.

Italy, with the highest birth-rate in Europe, has also the second highest death-rate. Holland, which has a high birth-rate, nearly 24, has the lowest death-rate of any important European country, it being under ten. The result is that, while Italy has a natural increase of eleven, Holland's natural increase is 14 a thousand, the highest in Europe.

## THE BEGGAR AT THE DOOR

A kindly reader tells us how one day a man who was evidently "on the road" called at her door with two or three apparently ivory rings displayed on a piece of stick covered with a fragment of dull blue silk. The rings had a three-leaved clover pattern cleverly carved on them.

She bought one from the man for eightpence. He said they were made from mutton-bones, and he pointed out how beautifully the bones polished.

Is it not a pity (adds our correspondent) that such a craftsman should be "on the road"?

The reply is Yes; but it seems that some men who are clever with their fingers prefer the unattached life of the wanderer to one of settled occupation.

## DONKEY BOY WHO LED A STATE British Columbia Loses Her Honest John

Honest John, for the past ten years Prime Minister of British Columbia, has died full of years and honours.

John Oliver was born 71 years ago at Hartington, in Derbyshire. At eleven he became donkey boy in a lead and iron mine worked by his father, selling eggs in his spare time. When he had saved enough money he bought a pony and cart and set up in business as an agent for the farmers.

But at 14 all this came to an end. The mine was closed, and his father emigrated to Canada with his family of twelve. John became an axe-man on the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was then being pushed through the Rocky Mountains. Then he became a licensed engineer in charge of a threshing machine, and finally he settled down as a farmer.

It was not till he was 44 that he entered the Parliament of British Columbia, and he was over 60 when he became Prime Minister. In the next ten years, with a very small majority, he carried Acts of Parliament establishing votes for women, old age pensions, pensions for mothers, workmen's compensation, and wage boards.

Honest John, as he was affectionately called, left eight children, including a doctor, a lawyer, a mineral expert, a soldier, and a farmer.

## CONQUERING KILIMANJARO

### A Woman's Great Exploit

A woman has climbed Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa. She is Miss Sheila Macdonald, a Londoner.

Kilimanjaro was first climbed by Dr. Hans Meyer in 1889, but no woman has reached the summit before.

When Africa was being divided the Kaiser was so anxious to count Kilimanjaro as part of his empire that the British frontier in East Africa was moved to please him, but when the map was revised after the war Kilimanjaro became part of Tanganyika, and is now under British administration.

The mountain has two principal summits, which are seven miles apart. Mawenzi is 16,892 feet above sea-level and Kibo is 19,321 feet. Kibo did not seem to the Germans to be a grand enough name for so superb a peak, so they named it Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze.

Call it what we will, it is a formidable summit, and Mr. Claude Macdonald himself a noted climber in Switzerland, must be proud of his daughter.

## KENT TO POLAND A Toy's Adventure

A Polish gentleman was surprised the other day to see a coloured ball come bobbing along the ground toward him. As it got closer he saw it was a toy balloon with a message attached. Imagine his surprise when he found that the message was in a foreign language, and announced that the balloon had been released in Canterbury at a hospital fête held four days before.

Although it was only a toy, it had made the long journey over land and sea from the city Chaucer loved to a place some 20 miles east of Posen in remarkably good time. But then it travelled day and night, and did not have to waste time at Customs Houses, nor did it fear that it would be asked for a passport, like the lady who swam the Channel.

What did the anti-cyclones and depressions say to it as it went by? Did it meet an eagle or scare the swallows? Unluckily the gallant toy cannot tell us its adventures, but we can guess enough to class it with that other brave toy, Hans Andersen's tin soldier.

## THE CARPENTER AND THE HEN RUN

A Chance for the Village  
Craftsman

WHY ARE THERE SO MANY  
OLD EGGS?

Why does the housewife find it so easy to buy stale foreign eggs at the grocer's and so hard to get fresh English ones? An answer to this question is supplied by a recent report of the Poultry Marketing Committee of the Board of Agriculture.

According to the evidence of some of the largest egg distributors in this country, over 95 per cent of their trade is in foreign eggs because they cannot afford to waste the time and money involved in checking, tracing, and collecting returnable empties from their retailers to send them back to the home producers. All foreign eggs arrive in non-returnable boxes, but nearly all English poultry farmers insist on using returnable crates, on the ground that it saves them expense—and so it does, probably as much as about twopence on a hundred eggs!

### Too Much Trouble

The farmer may, in many cases, be sticking to the returnable cases simply because he will not trouble to order the non-returnables from a town manufacturer and put them together, but he might be quite ready to take to them if they were offered ready for use by local carpenters. This is the Village Carpenter's chance.

The Rural Industries Bureau (26, Eccleston Street, London, S.W.1) desires to refer country woodworkers to the Ministry of Agriculture's marketing leaflet on Non-returnable Packages, with drawings and full particulars of approved patterns.

## THE LITTLE RED STAMP BOOK

### Doing a Thing Half Well

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. It is a motto we commend to the Postmaster-General.

The C.N. has often called attention to the excellent idea of the Post Office Book of Stamps. The Postmaster-General publishes two books of postage stamps, one for 3s. and one for 2s. Both contain six penny and six half-penny stamps, and the larger has 18 three-halfpenny stamps and the smaller one ten. The C.N. has three criticisms to offer on behalf of its readers.

The first is that there should be a much greater difference in the number. Why not one at 10s.? Busy people do not want to be always going into the Post Office for stamps, and thousands would welcome a book with 100 or even 500 stamps. Small books are for ever running out. We know one C.N. reader who makes up books of his own by joining them together.

### Information or Advertisements?

Then why are there no twopence and twopence-halfpenny stamps for receipts and for letters abroad? If we use the stamps in the present books for these purposes the books are empty in a twinkling, and who wants to use two stamps when one would suffice?

And, finally, why are the buyers of the 2s. book denied the two pages of information about postal rates given in the 3s. book? The answer is, no doubt, that the poorer public is sacrificed to the advertiser, but it is a poor answer. The buyer of the small book has paid as full value as the buyer of the larger one, and should get as good measure. He will cheerfully forgo an advertisement to make room for the information he needs. As a matter of fact, most people probably tear out the advertisements from these books, for they are a great nuisance, a petty irritation not worth anybody's while.



## RAIN AS THE GOOD SAMARITAN

### Music of the Falling Drops LIFE FOR THE FAMINE-STRICKEN

Only once in three or four years do the fields of Tungabhadra bear a good crop.

Yet the soil is rich, black, powdery stuff which was once forest, and it is exceptionally fertile. In a good year it grows giant crops of cotton and millet. But good years come so seldom that famine blights the countryside, farmers fall into debt, and no one can pay taxes.

The reason for this tragic state of affairs is that the district is one of the driest in India. It is first cousin to a desert, in spite of its rich soil, and for the people of Tungabhadra there is no music so rare, or so welcome, as the sound of rain. It is the Good Samaritan to them.

The Government of Madras considered an irrigation scheme in 1902, and renounced it because of expense. But now wiser counsels have prevailed. It is better to spend money on watering the district than on charity to famine victims, so the scheme is to go forward.

#### Where the Dam Will Be Built

In all probability the project will follow the lines laid down in 1902, and there will be a great dam built at Hampi, not far from Talikote, where a terrible battle took place in 1565, and the last Hindu empire fell before the Moslems. Hampi is famous for the ruins of that empire's capital, but the irrigation scheme will bring new life and hope to this sad, haunted place.

The waters of the Tungabhadra are held to be very sweet, and it is this river which is to be locked up in a 40-mile lake and then distributed through canals to the thirsty districts.

English farmers who are astonished at the thought of one crop in four years will also be astonished at another peculiarity of the Tungabhadra district, the method of ploughing there. No plough is able to go very far into the soil, but every twelve years the earth is turned to a depth of two feet by means of a heavy iron implement called the maduka, drawn by 20 to 30 yoke of oxen.

In spite of all his grumbles, does any English farmer want to change places with one from Madras?

### WHERE THE C.N. GOES An Influence in Nigeria

One of the most delightful features of the work of sending forth the C.N. to all parts of the earth is the responses it brings from afar.

A member of the staff of the Church Missionary Society's Girls' School at Lagos, in Nigeria, has arrived in England, and with her brought a letter from the students there. We are sure our readers would like to enjoy some of it with us. The letter says:

We are having the C.N. sent to us, and we all like it very much.

Our school extends from Odunlami Street to Broad Street. We have a Kindergarten Department, a Primary Department, and a Training Department for Teachers. We have nine African and three European teachers.

The African teachers were trained for two years as students. The Students' Class this year consists of nineteen girls who are to be teachers after two years of training. Our school is the highest in Lagos. The whole attendance, excluding the students, is 272.

The bearer of the letter tells us that the children are "thrilled with the newspaper, and it has been of great educational value."

We may add that there is a rich satisfaction in knowing that is the kind of influence the C.N. is wielding in many parts of the world where the average English citizen does not know that English education is being carried on.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

### Cleopatra's Needle

Cleopatra's Needle was placed in London on September 12, 1878.

It is not a needle, and it has nothing to do with Cleopatra, but it is one of the things that Londoners love. It is an Egyptian obelisk of pink granite, now quite black, rising clean and straight amid the contours of the riverside architecture.

This granite shaft came a long way and suffered much before it found its last home on the Thames Embankment. It reminds us of a people who in their architecture and sculpture had a passion for straight lines and hugeness and gaunt simplicity. It takes us back to an Egypt which must have been superb beyond thought, in comparison with whose grandeur our own buildings and sculpture seem like toys.

#### Building for Immortality

The Egyptians had above everything else an instinct for immortality. They could not believe that they could pass for ever from the Earth, and hence their magnificent tomb-houses with their elaborate preparations for the return of the spirit; and their tireless industry in recording the doings of their kings on a substance which would seem to be as enduring as time itself.

A quarter of an hour's walk away from Cleopatra's Needle, in the great Egyptian hall of the British Museum, we can learn a great deal of the art of this strange people. We can also see a monstrous head, taken from a colossal statue, of the man who was responsible for Cleopatra's Needle being made.

He was Thothmes III, and he lived about 1550 years before Christ. He is generally considered the greatest of all the kings of Egypt, and during his reign and that of his aunt, the famous Hatshepsut, the country touched the apex of prosperity. His armies were never idle. All his campaigns meant victory and booty for Egypt, and nothing pleased Thothmes more than to use the wealth thus won for the glory and immortality of his country.

#### The Superb Art of Egypt

He had armies of sculptors, builders, painters, writers, as well as men at arms, and these repaired and enlarged the temples and built new ones. Probably his most remembered work is the vast hall of columns in the temple of Amen Ra at Karnak.

Thothmes loved great columns, straight, unbroken lines; he loved obelisks, and in doorways and entrance courts and streets, magnificent granite shafts flung up their slender lines to dawn and sunset. He passed away and many other kings after him, and the glory of ancient Egypt was dust. She was conquered by successive rulers and became the tramping ground for rival armies.

Over thirty-three centuries after Thothmes had reigned one of these obelisks which he had set up at Heliopolis was presented to the British nation by Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. It went through many adventures, was enclosed in an iron cylinder, and a start was made to tow it to England. But owing to bad weather it had to be abandoned in the Bay of Biscay.

After some trouble the shaft was recovered, brought safely to England, and set up on the Embankment. The bronze sphinxes at the base were designed by the sculptor Vulliamy.

### OUR MUSEUMS

#### Growing Interest of the Public

It is good to see the growing interest taken in our museums, the Treasure Houses of the nation.

We notice that the visitors to the excellently-managed museums at Stoke-on-Trent have increased remarkably. Compared with the previous year the latest figures show a rise from just over 50,000 to just over 70,000, a most gratifying state of things for all concerned.

## SOMETHING NEW TO COLLECT

### Spider's Web

#### IS IT BREAKING MAGNA CARTA?

We have all admired the wonder of a spider's web, but how few of us have started to collect such things!

Even a newly-spun web glistening on a sunny morning seems to us so frail that it can only exist for a few hours. Yet the delicate strands are stronger than they look, as many a heavy insect discovers to its cost, and an ingenious naturalist has found a way of preserving the fairy-like webs so that they can be kept like bird's eggs or butterflies.

Like the artist who desires to "fix" a charcoal sketch, he sprays the web with shellac. Then he encloses each between two sheets of glass. He says that every web is different, just as the veinings on every leaf are different from those on any other, for Nature seems to hate monotony, and many students of heredity will tell us that there are no two things much less alike than two peas.

The web collector must possess great skill and patience, but he is not altogether a person to be admired, because every time he collects a web he is breaking Magna Carta. It is unlawful to take away the tools by which anyone earns a living, and the spider's web is just as necessary to its sustenance as the sewing machine is to the seamstress or the spade to the gardener. However, the spider can replace the web more than once by spinning a new one out of its wonderful little body, thereby proving herself far cleverer than the seamstress or the gardener.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

**Do Dragonflies and Humble Bees Sting?**  
Dragonflies do not, but humble or bumble bees do.

**What is the Depth of the English Channel?**  
It varies from 5 to 60 fathoms, a fathom being six feet.

**What is a Spiral Staircase?**  
A staircase that winds round and round a central newel, or axis, as in round towers.

**What Are the Small White Objects in an Ant's Nest?**  
These small objects which, if we disturb a nest, the ants seize and carry off to safety are the pupae of the insects.

**What is the Origin of the Word Tip, Meaning a Gratuity?**  
It is derived from a slang or cant verb to tip, meaning to hand over, or pass, as in the phrase tip the wink.

**What Was the Value of a Sesterce?**  
This coin, mentioned in The Last Days of Pompeii, was the fourth part of a denarius, the penny of the New Testament, and was worth about 2½d.

**How Did Calicut in India Get Its Name?**  
Calicut, the first place in India visited by Europeans, from which calico gets its name, is probably from Kalikot, the "fortress of Kali," a powerful goddess.

**Will the Next Total Eclipse of the Sun be Visible in British North Borneo?**  
The next total eclipse of the Sun is on May 9, 1929, and it will be visible at only the extreme north of British North Borneo, round Maludu Bay.

**What Animals Have Chlorophyll, and Why Are They Not Regarded as Plants?**  
The common great water polyp, Hydra viridis, the trumpet animalcule, or Stentor, and certain Planarians have chlorophyll, like plants, but they are called animals because in the main they have undoubted animal characteristics.

**Who Were the Principal Secretaries of State in Elizabeth's Reign?**  
1558, Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh; 1572, Sir Thomas Smith; 1574, Sir Francis Walsingham; 1578, Thomas Wilson, appointed in addition to Walsingham; 1586, William Davison; 1596, Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury.

## DYING SUNS

### ONLY A FEW MILLION YEARS LONGER TO LIVE

#### Burned-Out Stars on which There May Be Life

### VENUS NEAR THE EARTH

By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus will be at her nearest to the Earth on Saturday, September 10, when she will be only 27 million miles away, and much the nearest planet to our world.

But she will be quite invisible, for she will be between us and the Sun, apparently below him, at about sixteen times the Sun's diameter away. She will pass from east to west of the Sun, and in three weeks' time may be seen before sunrise in the East.

It is tantalising that a world which comes much nearer to us than any other should be invisible when so favourably placed. One wonders whether the same circumstance may not apply to the stars, and possibly some great dark



The position of one of the dying suns in Ursa Major

and dead suns of which we are unaware may be comparatively near to our Solar System.

Many suns are known that are dying down, only a few million years (a short time in the life of a sun) remaining before they flicker out into a state of existence in which they resemble immense dark worlds. Then they become dependent upon starlight for life-giving light, and on their internal heat for life-supporting warmth—a not very promising prospect for life, though it would be quite possible under such conditions.

Two such suns are among the five nearest to our Sun, but, as might be expected, they are faint and require optical aid to perceive them.

The star-map shows the locality of the brightest of the two; this is known as Lalande 21185 from its number in Lalande's famous catalogue. It is in Ursa Major, and low down in the north-west in the evening.

This dying sun is but eight light-years distant, and so nearer than 61 Cygni, but it is of only 7½ magnitude, and so quite invisible without a telescope, or good binoculars.

#### Suns with Red Light

Another very faint and dying sun is known as Munich 15040. This is 6½ light-years distant, and actually the nearest sun in the northern heavens. It is situated a little to the east of Beta in Ophiuchus and low in the south-west at the present time; but it is quite impossible to see it without a powerful telescope, being of only 9½ magnitude.

So faint and feeble is the light of this sun that, although it may not be very much smaller than our Sun, yet it radiates only a two-thousandth part of the light of our Sun. Lalande 21185 radiates about one two-hundredth the light.

Both these suns shine with a deep red light, and possess what is known as the Mb type of spectrum, which indicates that they are dying down and are at a much lower temperature than our Sun. They are approaching the burned-out stage of dead suns, when they will be invisible.

No doubt multitudes of such suns exist, but unless they are comparatively near they are invisible. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Saturn south-west, Jupiter and Uranus south-east.



# THE RIVER PIRATES

## A Tale of Adventure

By Herbert Strang

### CHAPTER 47

#### Scuttling a Junk

MEANWHILE, what had happened to Larry?

Left with Lo Fing and a couple of hands on the junk in the hiding-place down the creek, he had proceeded to make all snug for the rest of the night. He arranged with the farmer to take turns in watching for the return of the pirate flotilla. It appeared to them both that there was no need to keep watch in the sampan at the mouth of the tunnel of trees and reeds, because the sounds of the vessels beating up against the wind could be heard at a considerable distance in the silence of the night.

"I'll take the first watch, Mr. Fing," said Larry. "We are none of us very fit, but I'm sure you are much more tired than I am."

"That is very good of you, honourable sir," said the farmer. "As our maxim says, it is just and right that the younger should show consideration for the older."

The Chinese settled themselves in the after part of the deck and were soon audibly asleep. Larry walked up and down for a while, then sat on a coil of rope. Every now and then he heard the quick scurry of rats, and shuddered as he thought of what Captain Richards and his seamen must have suffered below decks.

Time fitted on, and there was no sign of the flotilla.

"There's very little chance of heavy vessels coming up against wind and tide," Larry reflected. "But I can hardly keep my eyes open."

He got up to keep himself awake by moving about. Just then he thought he heard a somewhat louder rustling among the bushes on the island than could be accounted for by the wind. The junk was moored by the stern to a small anchor carried on to the island, and to another anchor sunk into the marsh at the bows. Larry went quietly along the deck to the stern and peered out into the darkness; but the loud rustling had ceased, and he neither heard nor saw anything suspicious.

"I'll stay here," he said to himself; "it's not quite so smelly."

The stern, in fact, being to windward, to facilitate exit by and by into the creek, was the part of the vessel where he was least troubled by its foul condition. When the time came for Lo Fing to relieve him Larry stretched himself on the deck, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

But, as often happens in the first sleep of a tired man, he was disturbed by unpleasant dreams. He awoke with a start, dozed again, and then woke once more, to feel drops of water falling on him. A dark shape above him cut off the starlight, and in his drowsy state he thought that it was raining, and that one of the Chinese had moved towards him to cover him from the shower.

"What is it?" he asked dreamily.

The next instant a heavy body dropped silently upon him, and he felt sinewy hands groping for his throat. Instinctively he drew up his knees with a convulsive movement, striking blindly with both fists at the form above him, at the same time calling for Lo Fing. His assailant let out a snarling grunt, then drove his fist into Larry's face with force enough to dash his head against the deck.

Of himself he would not have known how long he lay stunned, but when he recovered his wits and found Lo Fing and the other Chinese tending him he learned that they had been roused by the sound of the scuffle and his cry, and had rushed at once to the rescue.

"So it was only a few seconds ago," he said. "Where is the fellow? Did you see him?"

"We saw no one," replied the farmer. "Who was it, honourable sir?"

"I don't know. I could not see his face; it was all very sudden." He rose and moved stumblingly towards the stern.

"My clothes are wet," he added. "So is the deck. The man, whoever he was, must have come from the shore, probably waded out and climbed up the hawser."

They all peered over the stern shorewards, but the darkness was impenetrable.

"We must not sleep again," said Lo Fing.

"No. Not that he is likely to come again. I'm not much hurt; there's a lump on the back of my head, that's all. The bother is that the pirates have got wind of our being here, and it may ruin my brother's plans."

The hours dragged on, and the non-appearance of the flotilla made Larry suspect that the pirates had been warned of the incidents at the fort. But at last, more than two hours after the tide had turned, and when the dawn had broken, they heard, at first faintly then more and more clearly, sounds that plainly indicated the approach of the vessels. The junks were coming up the creek, towed by the rowing craft, the rowers chanting to keep time.

Presently the watchers were able to see the tops of the junks' masts over the beds of reeds as they passed slowly by. Larry congratulated himself that the mast of his junk had been cut away, otherwise someone on the pirate vessels would almost certainly have been tempted to turn into the back-water where she lay and investigate.

The returning junks passed up close behind one another. No doubt the long wait at the mouth of the creek for the turn of the tide had enabled laggards to come up with the speedier vessels. The procession continued for nearly an hour; then the sounds died away.

"Now's the time for us to reconnoitre," said Larry.

With Lo Fing he punted the sampan to the mouth of the tunnel, moving very warily. They peered round the edge of the reed bed; neither up nor down the creek was anything in sight. Quickly returning to the junk, with the assistance of the two Chinese they quanted the vessel through the tunnel. At the mouth they let down the stern anchor; then, crossing the creek in the sampan, they hauled the bow anchor across and fixed it firmly in a bank of hard mud.

This done, they returned to the junk, and, with the aid of the capstan, kedged her up to the anchor they had just planted on the right bank of the creek, thus bringing the vessel broadside to the stream. The tide was now running up, and Larry feared that the anchors might yield to the considerable strain upon them. There was only one thing to be done to ensure the success of the scheme. He dived below into the noisome hold and pulled several plugs out of holes in the hull below the water-line. Satisfied that the inrush of water would accomplish all that he desired, he swarmed up the crazy companion.

As he did so he was momentarily checked by a sound behind him. He turned and looked into the gloom below. But he could see nothing; the sound had ceased, and, concluding that his movements had disturbed the rats, he hurried up on deck.

Lo Fing and the others had already dropped into the sampan. Larry cast one more look behind, then seized a rope, swung himself down, and joined his friends. Two minutes later the sampan lay at rest in the tunnel, its occupants breathing hard from their exertions and from excitement as they watched the results.

### CHAPTER 48

#### The End of the Flotilla

THE junk was slowly settling down. Held by her anchors at right-angles to the current, she was sinking by almost imperceptible degrees.

Suddenly one of the Chinese uttered a smothered cry and pointed excitedly to the stern of the vessel; then spoke a rapid sentence in his own tongue.

"What does he say, Mr. Fing?" asked Larry.

"He says that he saw the head of a man creeping along the deck," replied the farmer.

From the sampan the port side of the junk was not wholly visible, but Larry, standing up, caught sight of a man disappearing over the bow.

"Quick!" he said. "That must be the man who attacked me."

With rapid strokes they drove the sampan through the tunnel into the creek, but by the time they were clear of the junk the man had swarmed along the hawser and disappeared among the reeds. They spent some minutes in hunting for him here and there, but Larry soon recognised that the quest was hopeless; the man might lurk within a few yards of them and yet escape notice.

"I'm inclined to think that we spoil his little game," remarked Larry, with some satisfaction. "He could not get out of the junk while we were there, and if he wanted to warn the pirates he couldn't do it."

They rowed back toward the junk, whose deck was now almost level with the water. While they were still some yards away there was a loud explosion; part of the deck flew in shattered fragments into the air, and the vessel disappeared beneath the surface. But when the swirl of water had ceased Larry saw that she was only three or four feet beneath, just deep enough to remain unseen except to observers very close at hand. Lying there she blocked the greater part of the navigable channel, leaving only a clear space of about six feet on the far side.

Larry heaved a sigh of contentment; his work was done. In a few minutes he had left the sampan, and with his companions was making his way back across the swamp toward the path that ran by the joss-house.

"I wonder how old Mike has been getting on," he thought, and he looked curiously at the joss-house, remembering the strange scene he and his brother had witnessed there. "It seems months ago," he said to himself, "but it can't be more than weeks. I've lost count of time."

Within an hour he had proof that part at least of Michael's plan had

been carried out. Away to the west across the swamp he saw huge volumes of smoke rolling toward him. From time to time he heard sharp explosions, and he was amused to notice that at every bang the usually stolid faces of his Chinese friends creased with smiles.

It was not until some hours later that Larry received from Michael himself details of what had happened higher up the creek.

"You'd have enjoyed the sight, old man," said Michael. "When the two launches gave the final shove-off to the fire junks we ran back to the S bend I told you about, went ashore, and climbed up into some stunted trees growing out of the swamp. We could see the whole length of the reach—sideways, of course."

"And so you had a better view?" Larry put in.

"Exactly. One of the fireships fouled the leading junk; the other cleared that and the next, and went careering down the reach, running before the wind. The pirates in the next junk fended her off with poles, but the succeeding one was not so lucky; she struck the fireship apparently amidships, and the two drifted down together."

"And of course the sampans were busy too?"

"They were indeed. We could see them, masses of flame, floating down channel. Unluckily, from that point the smoke grew so dense that we couldn't see the details so clearly as I should have liked. But we got a pretty good idea of what happened. The fellows on the rear-most junks got into a panic, and tried to turn and run out of harm's way. One did get away, but the rest fouled one another and completely blocked the creek. The burning sampans drifted down among 'em, and by and by the flaming junks bumped into the mass of interlocked vessels."

"You never heard such a hullabaloo, what with the crackle and the roar of the flames, the explosion of ammunition on board, and the yells of the pirates. We caught a glimpse of them now and again through the smoke, diving overboard and swimming to the bank—just a swamp, as you know, but firm enough for wading."

"Well, in about a quarter of an hour there were two immense conflagrations going on: one, of several vessels wedged against the bank in the upper part of the reach; the other, of the whole of the rest of the flotilla a quarter of a mile lower down. The strong wind, of course, was against them. The flames spread from vessel to vessel; they hadn't the ghost of a chance."

"And what about the vessel that escaped? I suppose—"

"Ah!" Michael interrupted. "It's rather a pity you didn't wait to see. You are quite sure the junk was well sunk, and not likely to move?"

"Oh, yes! But I was too anxious to get back to you to wait on the off chance of a junk escaping you."

"Well, we shall find out later what happened. I dare say it was quite a pleasant sight."

No doubt it would have been a pleasant sight to Michael and his brother. The escaped junk, aided by the wind, hurried seaward, brushing past the lorchas still coming up. Then, in full career, she crashed into the obstacle hidden in mid-channel. Holes were rent in her hull, and within a few minutes of the impact she lay under the surface alongside the junk scuttled by Larry, with this difference, that her mast and sails, broken and ruined, projected out of the water.

Thus the channel was completely blocked except to small craft; and but for a few lorchas and sampans nothing remained of one of the most formidable pirate armadas that ever infested the China coast.

But though the vessels had been disposed of the men still remained. They were demoralised and scattered, but still a source of mischief.

"We are not out of the wood yet," said Michael.

"And that's a fact," said Tim Bunce solemnly, scratching his head.

### Tales Before Bedtime

#### Fuzzy's Lunch

KEN was going a long railway journey all by himself. He felt like a man, and very proud.

When Aunt Jill saw him into the train there was a lady she knew sitting in the opposite corner, and she just told the lady that Ken would be met at Paddington by his mother. But, of course, he was travelling by himself; and he clutched the bag of sandwiches and biscuits that Aunt Jill had given him for lunch excitedly.

The lady in the corner, who did not talk to him much, had a little fluffy dog with her named Fuzzy. And while the lady read her magazine Fuzzy and Ken made friends.

Ken spent more than an hour with his nose pressed against the window-glass, seeing all sorts of thrilling things flash past, while Fuzzy climbed over him. And then the little boy began to feel hungry.

But when he looked round for the sandwich bag he gave a cry of dismay.

"Oh, look!" he said. "Fuzzy has got them!" And, sure enough, there was Fuzzy with his head inside the bag, gobbling up Ken's lunch.

The lady was quite distressed; Fuzzy was put under the seat in disgrace. But poor Ken was so hungry.

Just then the lady looked across at him and smiled.

"As Fuzzy has been naughty enough to eat your sandwiches," she said, "you must come and have lunch with me in the dining-car."

Ken's eyes got round with delight. "Oh, thank you!" he cried.



He was gobbling up Ken's lunch

"Shall we sit by one of those real little tables?"

The lady nodded. And very soon Ken was sitting at a little table with a delicious, hot lunch on it; and as he ate he could see the flying scenery through the window beside him.

And how the lemonade did wobble about in his glass!

At Paddington he fell into his mother's arms with squeals of delight.

"Mummy," he cried, "I am so glad Fuzzy ate my lunch because I had a real dinner in the dining-car, which was much more exciting."

## A Delightful Magazine

Month by month LITTLE FOLKS contains just the thrilling school and adventure stories you like best. It is not a kiddies' magazine. It has long been popular with boys and girls of school age, and once you have seen this month's issue you will want to take it regularly.

# LITTLE FOLKS

Monthly 1s.

TO BE CONTINUED





# A Merry Heart Will Laugh at Care



## THE BRAN TUB

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

WHEN night brings on her noontide hour,  
And stillness holds her magic power,  
All mortals to my first repair,  
And bid adieu to toil and care.  
My next for various ends designed,  
Yet oft my first you there will find.  
Within my whole you seek repose,  
Forgetting life and all its woes.

Answer next week

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Tahr

The Tahr, a Himalayan goat, differs considerably from the true goats. It is without a beard, and the end of the muzzle is bare. The height of the male Tahr at the shoulders is about three feet, the doe being much smaller. It is found in the higher forest regions, and is very plentiful in many parts. In spite of its short horns it is a fine-looking animal.

### How the Bantam Got Its Name

THE bantam is a domestic fowl of small size and high courage. A bantam cock weighs only about a pound, but it will scare an ordinary cock five times its weight. It has been called "a beautiful example of a great soul in a little body." It first came from the East Indies, but was supposed to have been brought from Bantam in Java, and was thus wrongly named.

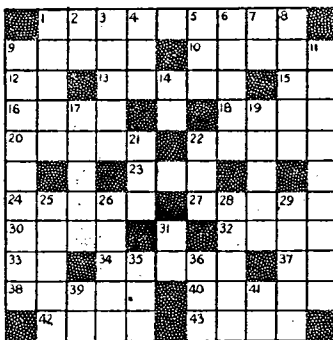
### Beheaded Word

WHOLE I am a precious gem  
Brought forth from out the ocean;  
Curtail me now, and you will find  
A fruit, I have a notion;  
Behead this time, and you will see  
An organ owned by you and me.

Answer next week

### Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.

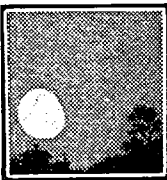


**Reading Across.** 1. Bag carried by soldiers. 9. Volumes. 10. An ape. 12. Exists. 13. Marine carnivores. 15. East Indies (abbrev.). 16. Bird's nursery. 18. Six balls. 20. Twelve dozen. 22. The crown of a hill. 23. Follows one. 24. A gathering. 27. Agreements. 30. A thought. 32. The opening between the threads of a net. 33. Chemical symbol for sodium. 34. Reason. 37. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 38. A heron. 40. An Irish county. 42. Repose. 43. Popular flower.

**Reading Down.** 1. A blind poet. 2. Before noon (abbrev.). 3. Garments. 4. Compass point (abbrev.). 5. Fifth note of the diatonic scale. 6. Malicious burning of buildings. 7. Chartered accountant (abbrev.). 8. To bend the knee. 9. Small orange. 11. In a girlish manner. 14. One. 17. A plain, low pedestal. 19. The faculty of speaking. 21. Where a pig lives. 22. South African hill. 25. An old saying. 28. Cords. 29. Former rulers of Russia. 31. Question (abbrev.). 35. Devoured. 36. A snowshoe. 39. High artist's honour (abbrev.). 41. Learned society (abbrev.).

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

HOUSE sparrows are now collecting in large flocks. The gold-crested wren has begun to sing again. Peewits are collecting in flocks. The drone-fly is entering houses. House flies are swarming on the windows. The vapourer moth appears. The leaves of the lime tree are beginning to turn yellow.



Looking South  
11 p.m., Sept. 14

### Thought Reading

HERE is a little trick that will add to the fun at a party.

Give someone a small piece of paper and a pencil and ask him to write something on it, fold it up, and slip it under the carpet. Then announce that you will tell the company what is on the paper. Pretend to think hard for a few moments, and then say "The carpet is on the paper."

You must be careful, of course, not to say that you will find out what is written on the paper.

### Things Just Patented

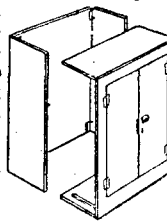
We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

**A Useful Can-Opener.** This serviceable tin-opener is very safe to use. If the cranked prong is placed in the centre of the tin a smart tap on the handle will cause the prong to pierce the lid. A cutter and a guide, which engage with the rim of the tin, are fixed to a carrier which slides up and down the rod according to the size



of tin to be opened. When the cutter has been made to pierce the lid gentle pressure on the handle while revolving the tin is all that is necessary in order to be able to remove the top of the tin. Another prong on the end of the apparatus may be used for removing the caps from bottles.

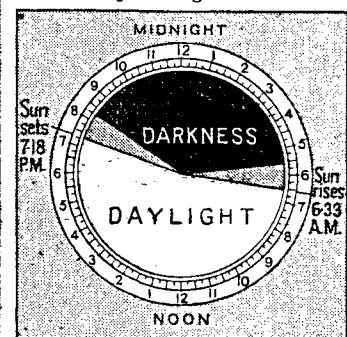
**A Folding Cupboard.** Here is a very useful cupboard which may be folded and packed flat when a removal is in progress. It is in two portions, the back having the sides of the cupboard hinged to it, and the front having the top and bottom similarly fixed. Little strips of wood fastened to the inside of the top and bottom hold the sides in position when the cupboard is in use, the whole being rigidly held together by screws.



### Proverbs About Finery

FINE feathers make fine birds.  
A fine woman can do without fine clothes.  
A golden bit does not make a horse any better.  
The tail doth often catch the fox.  
It is not the gay coat that makes the gentleman.  
A hog in armour is still but a hog.  
A horse is neither better nor worse for his trappings.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

## Jacko Gives a Lesson

JACKO was wild when he woke up one morning and found that the rain was coming down in a deluge.

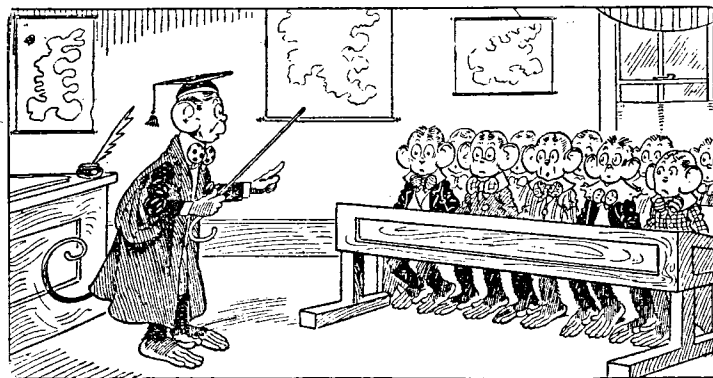
"Another cricket match spoiled!" he groaned. "I've never known such a summer."

Even Mrs. Jacko was sorry about it, though generally she was glad to see the rain, and said it was good for the garden.

"But it's time we had some sunshine," she said, "and I'm very much afraid it won't clear up today with all these heavy black clouds hanging about."

She was right. It didn't clear up. Poor Jacko spent the morning looking out of the window, and by lunch-time he had to give up all hopes of the cricket match. All the same, he put on his mackintosh and went out.

He wandered round the deserted streets and looked at the shop windows; but it was all very damp and depressing, and



"Silence, children!" said Jacko sternly

at last the rain came down in such torrents that he had to shelter in a doorway.

"I suppose I'm stuck here for the afternoon," he said dismally. "It couldn't be much duller."

But, as a matter of fact, it wasn't such a dull place as he imagined. There was a babel of voices inside the house, and when Jacko gingerly pushed open the door he found that it was the village school. He tip-toed along the passage and peeped into the schoolroom where all the noise was coming from.

The children were sitting at their desks in readiness for a lesson, but apparently the teacher hadn't turned up, and Jacko heard a little boy say:

"What has happened to Mr. Task? I vote we play leap-frog if he doesn't turn up soon!"

Jacko gently closed the door. He was no longer bored; he was grinning from ear to ear, for he had noticed the teacher's cap and gown hanging up in the passage.

"I don't see why I shouldn't take the class," he muttered, slipping on the gown. Then he flung open the schoolroom door and strutted over to the teacher's desk.

"Silence, children!" he said sternly. "I am your new teacher."

The children became as quiet as mice. They looked very surprised and rather frightened, especially when Jacko found a cane inside the teacher's desk and began to brandish it in the air.

"We will start with a geography lesson," he said. "Now then, who can tell me where Timbuctoo is?"

There was a dead silence. Nobody seemed able to answer the question. *And neither could Jacko!* He hadn't the slightest idea.

The children seemed to guess that Jacko didn't know the answer, for suddenly one of the boys tittered, and that set the whole class off.

"Silence!" commanded Jacko, brandishing the cane.

But just at that moment the door opened and in came the real teacher, who had been delayed by the storm. And he wasn't a bit grateful to Jacko for taking his class for him; in fact, it was Jacko who got the caning!

### A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters. A flower. Not closed. Part of a flower or fruit. Terminals.

Answer next week

### Is Your Name Moyser?

THIS is probably a corrupted spelling of the French form of Moses, Moyes or Moïse, and the surname would in that case be derived from the Christian name of one of the ancestors of those bearing it.

### Ici On Parle Français



Un oiseau

La femme

Un œuf

L'oiseau est perché sur un pic élevé. La négresse a des boucles d'oreilles. De cet œuf sortira un petit oiseau.

### A Reversed Word

REVERSE a colour, and you'll find A poet then you'll call to mind.

Answer next week

## DI! MERRYMAN

### At the Village Institute

HUSBAND: Why, Mary, I thought you would be delighted. Haven't you won a first prize in the cookery competition?

Wife: Yes, for the sponge cake I made, but they said it was for the best hard biscuit!

### Why Not?

I SAY, Dick, what's a centenarian? A cricket who makes a hundred runs, of course.

Oh, I thought that was a centurion!

### Backing the Movement

QUOTH a Gnat when September came round, "One's not safe while these swallows abound."

So their autumn migration I hail with elation, And I hold that their instinct is sound!"

### Quite Agreed

ENTHUSIASTIC Young Woman: Oh, Mr. Garrick Jones, I'm simply mad to go on the stage.

Famous Actor: Yes, my dear young lady, I think you would be!

### Explained

WHAT are those square things you have put over the poor horse's eyes, coachman?

Blinkers, Ma'am. Why do you put them on, coachman?

To prevent the horse from blinking, Ma'am!

### The Substitute



SNIP hasn't brought a telescope, But all the same he's full of hope: A broom's what he relies on. "A besom (he explains to Snap) Is just the thing one needs, old chap, For sweeping the horizon!"

### Beaten at His Own Game

THE Funny Man: Talking of eggs, can you tell me where a ship lays to?

The Clever Youth: Don't know, unless it's in the hatchways!

### In Gay Paree

LOOK, Daddy, don't the French boys and girls go to school? That notice spells dinner with one N!

### What All of Us Would Like

OLD Lady on the bus: Now don't forget, conductor, I want the Bank of England.

Conductor: All right, Ma'am! (Aside) She doesn't want much, does she?

### Down the Speaking Tube

WAITER, I'll have a fried sole, like my friend; and mind it is fresh. Are you there? Two fried soles—one fresh!

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

**A Word Square**  
S O A P  
O V E R  
A E R O  
P R O P  
What Am I? Flageolet

**A Double Acrostic in Pictures**  
S tea M  
Concertin A  
H and S  
O u T  
O ctav E  
L ine R

### The Mystery

The image of your face in a locking-glass.

### The Broken Proverb

As a man lives so shall he die. Changeling Head, heat, beat, boat, boot, foot.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

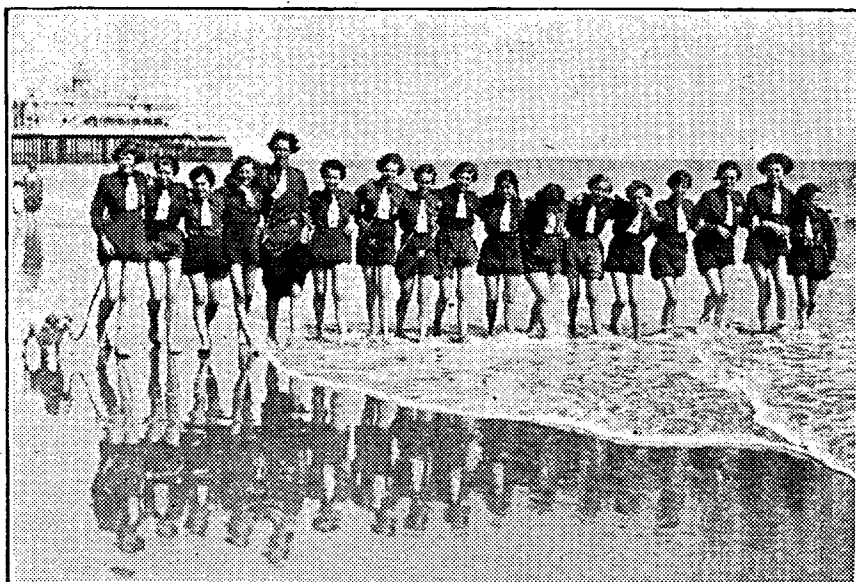
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 10, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

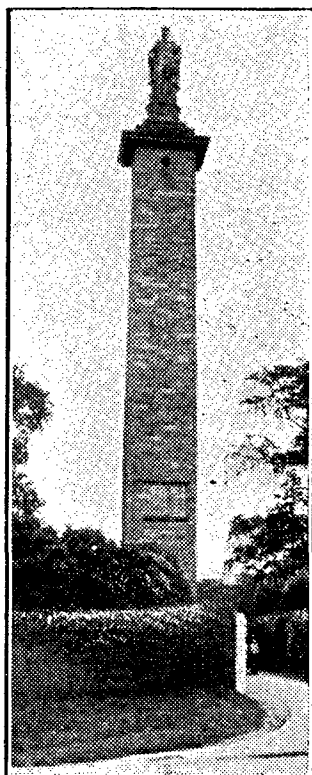
## THE LITTLE GREAT PYRAMID • SHIP IN A GARDEN • HAMPTON COURT VINE



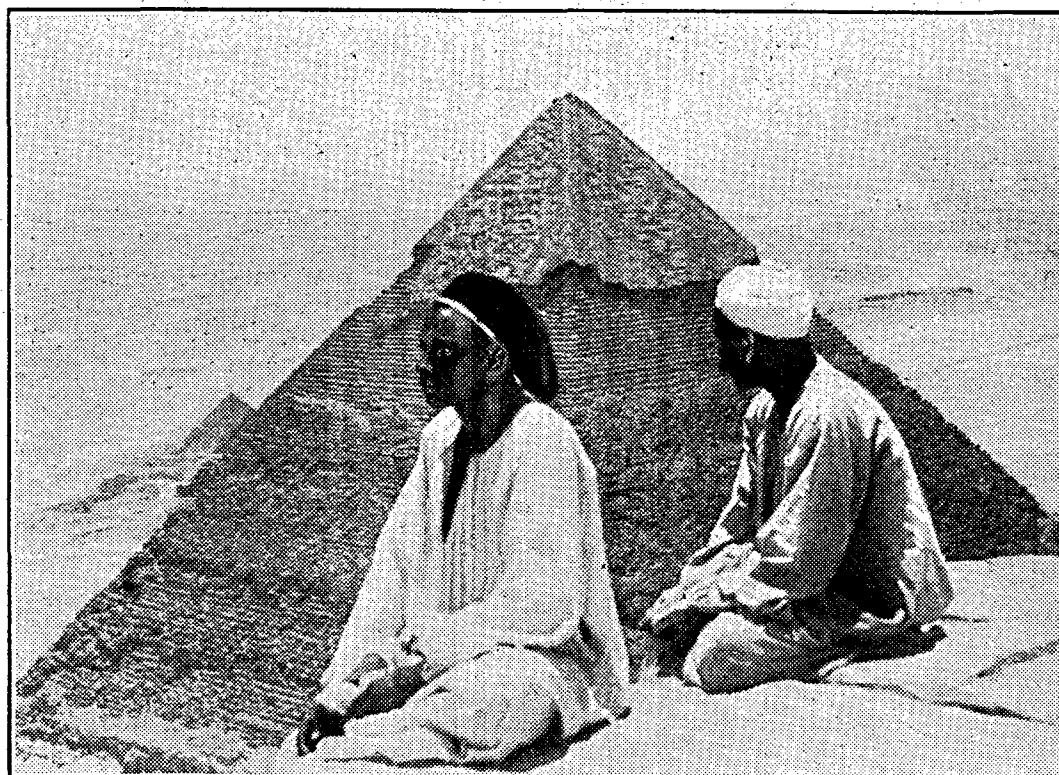
**Girl Guides on the Sands**—A party of Girl Guides spending a holiday at Eastbourne thoroughly enjoyed themselves by paddling through the surf arm-in-arm, as shown here



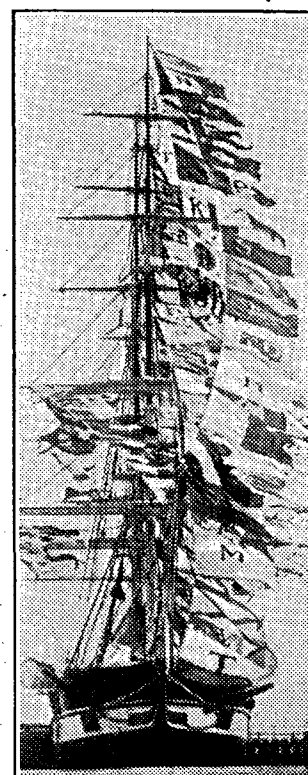
**The Sunshine Band**—These children are playing at being an orchestra while they take their sun bath at a children's home at Leytonstone. Only the pianist is watching the conductor



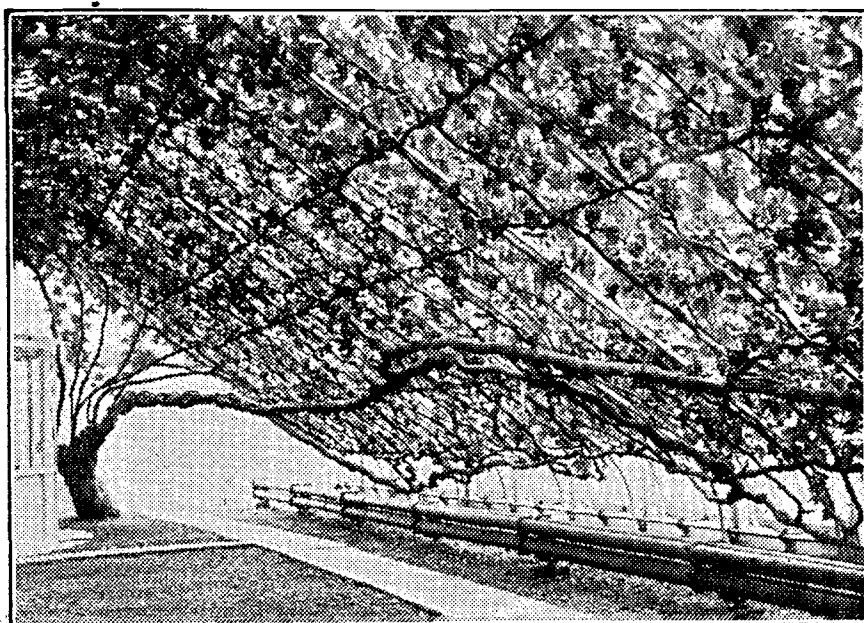
**A Land Lighthouse**—This tower was erected near Lincoln in 1751 to guide travellers over a heath. The huge statue is of George III



**Great Pyramid Like a Sand-Castle**—This unusual view of one of the Great Pyramids looking like a little sand-castle was taken from the top of the other one. Two Egyptian guides were close to the camera, so that the photograph appears, at the first glance, as if it might be a picture of two boys sitting beside a sand-castle



**Ship in a Garden**—This old whaler, now in a Massachusetts garden, is flying the flags of all her past owners. See page 2



**The Hampton Court Vine**—This year there are about 550 bunches of ripe grapes on the giant vine at Hampton Court Palace. Here we see the famous vine, which is 159 years old



**Missionary Work Filmed**—A missionary film, Africa Today, will soon be ready, and this picture from it shows the contrast between a heathen woman and one who is a Christian

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